POST-CAPTAIN;

1001

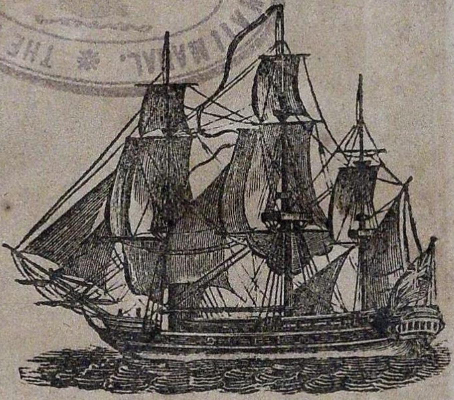
OR, THE

WOODEN WALLS WELL MANNED;

Comprehending a View of

NAVAL SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

A NEW EDITION.



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1815.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJAH SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

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THE

POST-CAPTAIN.

CHAP. I.

Majestically slow before the breeze,
The tall ship marches on the azure seas;
In silent pomp she cleaves the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the billowy main.

Falconer.

THE sun had just streaked the eastern hemisphere with his rays, when the commander of a frigate, which was cruizing in the British Channel, awoke; and giving a monstrous yawn, called to the sentry at the cabin-door to pass the word for the steward. The sentry was walking to and fro under the half-deck, armed with a huge cutlass, which for more than a year had not slept in a scabbard; and, on hearing the order, he applied his hands to his mouth, vociferating with the lungs of a stentor, "Pass the word there for the captain's steward!"

Our captain next took a miniature from under his pillow, which he seemed to contemplate with peculiar delight; sighing and soliloquizing as he hung over it enamoured: "Can any face," cried he, "be more angelic? Such top-lights! Or can any form be more ravishing? Such a pair of cat-heads? And, oh! what hair! By ——, one might take a sheep-shank in it! Blow, my good breeze! Fill all my sails! Driver and ring-tail, sprit-sail and sprit-topsail! Royals and sky-scrapers! Flying jib and jib of jibs! Waft me, oh, waft me to the arms of Cassandra!"

The captain now bellowed for the steward.

"Sir!" said the steward.

"How many knots does the ship go!"

"Five, sir."

"And how is the wind?"

"A little upon the quarter, sir."

"Are all the reefs out?"

"No, sir, there is one reef in."

"What lieutenant has the watch?"

"Mr. Hurricane, sir."

"Desire him to step below."

Mr. Hurricane, on hearing the summons, threw off his *grego*, that is, his great coat, and calling to the quarter-master, told him to take it below. He

then went to the compass, and having ascertained the course of the ship, and the direction of the wind, he ordered the helmsman to steer small, dispatched hands aloft to shake out the reefs; and, grasping his speaking-trumpet, descended into the cabin.

"Mr. Hurricane," said the captain, "I hope all the reefs are out?"

"The top-men, sir," replied the lieutenant, "are aloft shaking them out."

"Is there any land in sight?" added the captain.

"The master," replied the lieutenant, "says he can see land broad upon the bow; but I, sir, am of opinion it is only cape fly-away."

"Well," said the captain, "make all the sail you can upon the ship, and in a short time we shall be able to determine the fact."

The lieutenant went upon deck. "Mr. Echo," said he to a midshipman, "send the after-guard aft here to hoist the main-topsail."

"Aye, aye, sir!" cried Mr. Echo, who in concert with half-a-dozen other weekly-account gentlemen, thus vociferated for several minutes at the break of the quarter-deck: "Boatswain's mate! boatswain's mate! I say, you boatswain's mate! send the after-guard aft here to the main-topsail-

haliards. Corporal of marines! send the marines aft on the quarter-deck to clap on the main-topsail-haliards. Master at arms! go down below, and send all the idlers up! Send all the idlers up! Do you hear there, master at arms? Send all the idlers up! Stewards and servants, barbers and sweepers, cook's mates and cook-mate's ministers, doctor's mates, and loblolly-boys! After-guard! I don't see the after-guard coming aft! Where's the captain of the after-guard? Pass the word there in the waist for the captain of the after-guard!"

The people now came upon deck, the topsails were hoisted, and the walk of the ship was considerably increased. Seven bells were now struck, the hammocks were piped up, and the quarter-master stood at the nettings to receive them from the sailors.—And now came upon deck the doctor, the purser, and lieutenant of marines, bloated with eating, drinking, and sleeping.

"Good morrow-morning to you, gentlemen," said the lieutenant. "How are you all, upon an average?"

"The tiller," said Mr. Nipcheese, the purser, "made such a thundering noise all night, that I could only procure eleven hours sleep."

"I pity you," said the lieutenant: "you get no more sleep than a ground-tier-butt."

"And I," said Mr. Gallipot, the doctor; "was obliged to get up in the night to go to the round-house."

"Shocking!" cried the lieutenant, "to be taken aback, and not able to box your ship off!"

"And I," said Mr. Easy, the lieutenant of marines, "was compelled to rise at midnight, and drink a glass of cold water."

"Damnable!" said the lieutenant, "then your coppers were hot!"

"I am getting the better of my sea-sickness," said the purser: "Occupation! occupation! throw but one stone, the giant dies!"

"Yes," rejoined the lieutenant; "and now you will be occupied *in making dead men chew tobacco.*"

"I am an old voyager!" exclaimed the doctor.

"What!" said the lieutenant; "have you got a timber-head in the ship?"

"I have been at sea before," replied the doctor.

"Yes," said the lieutenant: "you have been at at Chelsea, at Battersea; and, I dare say, in the Marshalsea."

The conversation was here interrupted by an up-

roar in the waist, where Mr. Echo, the midshipman, was menacing death to the boy of his mess, and belabouring him over the shoulders with the end of the topsail-sheet.

"Murder! murder!" cried the boy; "it was not my fault. The ship took a lee-lurch, and the kettle fetched away."

"What's the matter here, Mr. Echo?" cried the lieutenant. "Has the boy forgot to break up the treble-refined sugar; or did he omit to beat the dust out of the Turkey carpet?"

"His kettle is capsized, sir," replied Mr. Echo; "and we shall be obliged to breakfast upon burgoo, out of the ship's coppers. Nor is that all: the hawbuck has not rolled up a single hammock."

"How could I?" said the boy; "the gentlemen did not turn out before the bell rung for eight o'clock."

"You did not rouse them," said the midshipman.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, "I roused them a dozen times. I affronted Mr. Gale. He had turned in all standing with his boots on; and he swore that if I named him again, he would jump down my throat."

"No replies, sir," said Mr. Echo; "you are in a king's ship. Jump down for the tureen, and fill it with burgoo. I saw the doctor's mates go just now to the coppers: if you don't bear a hand, there will be none left for the officers."

"Faith, sir," said the boy, "if that is the case, I must bear a fist indeed. Those doctor's mates eat more than any men in the ship. I saw Mr. Ipecacuanha eat a pound of shark one day before dinner, just by way of taking the sharp edge off his stomach. Here I go, like a rigger!"

CHAP. II.

The boatswain's shrill pipe, lo! the ear annoys,
And to the coppers run the sailor-boys. *Author.*

Captain Brilliant having dressed himself, went upon the quarter-deck, where the first lieutenant was walking, in company with the doctor, the purser, the marine officer, and a midshipman. The midshipman, on perceiving the captain, immediately went to leeward.

"A fine morning, Mr. Hurricane," said the captain.

"Very fine, sir," answered the lieutenant.

"Well, doctor," said the captain, "how do you carry on the war? Have you recovered your stomach?"

"Yes, sir," replied the doctor, "my organs of digestion are restored to their proper tone; and my stomach loaths no longer its diurnal food."

"Does the doctor eat his allowance, Mr. Nipcheese?" said the captain.

"Yes, sir," cried the purser, "he picked the plums for the gun-room pudding last banyan-day, and eat more than half of what I had served out."

"When our pudding, sir," exclaimed the lieutenant, "was put upon the table, the plums, I will vouch, were not within hail of each other."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the captain; "when the doctor again undertakes to pick the plums, you must make him whistle the whole time."

Mr. Echo, the midshipman, now approached the lieutenant, and bowing with much politeness, acquainted him that it was eight o'clock by the glass. "Very well, Mr. Echo," replied the lieutenant; "tell the boatswain's mate to pipe to breakfast."

The bell was now rung for eight o'clock; the glass was turned; the quarter-master and the man at the helm were relieved; the boatswain's mate piped to breakfast, and the air was impregnated with the fumes of burgoo.

The gun-room steward now came up the companion-ladder, to summon the officers to their morn-

ing repast; and the doctor, the purser, and the officer of marines descended into the lower regions. In half an hour more, Mr. Tafferal, the second lieutenant, made his appearance on the quarter-deck; when Mr. Hurricane, together with the midshipman of the morning-watch, accompanied the captain into the cabin; where they found coffee, *sans* cream, and toast, and potted beef, and tongue sliced *à la* Vauxhall.

It is with a hesitating hand that I dwell so minutely on the breakfast. Such diminutive observations may be said to lessen the dignity of writing; and though necessary towards the completion of the picture, rarely pass without censure.

CHAP. III.

The tea is made, the cups in prospect rise;
"More water, steward!" loud the captain cries.
Author.

It is not every reader that is acquainted with the cabin of a frigate; and it will, therefore, require no apology to take a slight survey of the apartment in which the guests had assembled.

On one side, a row of these *mortal engines, whose rude throats could counterfeit the dread clamours of Jove;* or, in plain language, four eighteen pounders, on both sides, turned their breeches on the company. The after (back) part of the room admitted light through windows of large dimensions, and looked upon the billows curling their monstrous heads; while a bulk-head, or wainscot, forward, divided the cabin from the half-deck.

"The swell," said Captain Brilliant, "is, I think, going down."

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, "there is not such a bubbling sea as there was."

"The ship has not much motion."

"No, sir; she rolls very little."

"We will exercise the great guns after breakfast."

"It will be a good opportunity, sir."

"We will fire with the locks, Mr. Hurricane: I have a favourable opinion of them."

"It shall be done, sir."

"Our cannonades are warm pieces, and they throw a shot pretty far."

"They are famous, sir, in close action."

Here some person knocked at the cabin-door, and the steward going to it, returned to the table with a bundle of papers.

"The gentlemen*, sir," said he, "have sent you their day's work."

"Very well," replied the captain; "put them in the quarter-gallery."

* The midshipmen of a man of war are called "the gentlemen.

Mr. Hurricane and the midshipman having sufficiently regaled their palates, made a ship-shape bow to Captain Brilliant, and left the house feasting.

The captain now vociferated for the steward *to clear the decks;* and, having taken a few turns up and down the cabin, apparently lost in profound thought; he passed under the half-deck, and ascended the companion-ladder.

CHAP. IV.

"A ship in sight!" with joy the tars make sail,
And spread the bellying canvas to the gale;
While o'er the deck the gallant boatswain cries,
And ever and anon he damns his eyes.

Author.

THE jolly-boat was lowered down from the davits-abaft; a cask was carried out to the distance of a mile from the ship; and Captain Brilliant himself had taken a match in his hand to fire the first gun, when the man stationed at the fore-topsail-yard, called out, "A sail right a-head!"

Every thing now took a different turn. The cask lay neglected; the boat was hoisted up; sail was made on the ship, and the main-deck cleared for action.

"But the sail in sight was an easy prize. She proved to be an English West India-man, that had

been captured a few hours before by a French seventy-four cut-down.

Captain Brilliant immediately clapped Mr. Echo, the midshipman, with six hands on board of her, and was about to shape his course after the enemy, when Mr. Hurricane, who returned with the boat, informed him, there was an old gentleman with a beautiful young wife on board the prize, who entreated to be taken into the frigate; for the Frenchmen had plundered them of all the fresh provisions, and left them nothing but salt junk.

"Is the lady pretty?" said the captain.

"She is the most beautiful creature, sir," replied the lieutenant, "I ever saw with my eyes. The Venus frigate has not got so fair a head."

"Then bear a-hand," cried the captain, "and bring her on board. In the mean time we will rig out the studding-sail-booms. Up there! topmen!"

The boat shoved off again, and in a few minutes returned with Mr. Factor and his lady. The husband on the verge of sixty; the wife about seventeen.

Captain Brilliant stretched out his hand to the lady, and helped her up the side; when, with much

sweetness of manner, she thanked him for his politeness, and congratulated herself upon being emancipated from a barbarous enemy.

The sails were now trimmed fore and aft; the fore-tack was brought to the cat-head, and the weather clue-garnet of the mainsail was hauled up.

"There she walks through it!" exclaimed captain Brilliant, looking over the side. "Glory! glory! Blow, my sweet breeze!"

While the captain's attention was thus occupied, that of Mrs. Factor was engrossed by the graceful manliness of his figure. She could not but make a secret comparison between the vigorous, well-proportioned limbs of the captain, and the tottering spider-shanks of her husband. She was all eye; and a sigh, which distended her half-denuded bosom, seemed to announce that illicit love had already taken possession of her heart.

In about an hour and a half a sail was descried from the mast head; and preparations were made for action with redoubled energy. The bulk-head of the cabin was knocked down; the yards were slung with chains, and the surgeon arranged his instruments and dressings in the cockpit.

"Fore topmast-head there!" cried the captain.

"Sir!" replied the man aloft.

"What does she look like?"

"She looks, sir, like a whacking frigate."

"Can you see her teeth?"

"Yes, sir; she has a very heavy tier of teeth."

"Steady!" cried the captain to the man at the helm.—"Mr. Hurricane!"

"Sir!"

"Get the tompions out of the guns, fore and aft."

"Aye! aye! sir!"

It was now time for the young lady to be conducted to a place of safety; an office that the captain undertook to perform; for Mr. Factor had complained of a pain in his bowels, and had already sought the company of the doctor in the lowermost recess of the ship.

"Sweet captain!" cried Mrs. Factor, as our hero handed her below; "you are going to seek reputation in the mouth of the cannon?"

"It is only, madam, my duty."

"If prayers, captain, can avert the danger that threatens you, no shot shall come near you. For with uplifted hands I will implore Providence to shield you from harm."

"Only smile upon me, and I am proof against all shot!"

"Good heaven! you talk so carelessly, one would think there was no danger to be apprehended from guns."

"There lies more danger in that eye, than in the lower-deck, upper-deck, quarter-deck, and forecastle guns of the largest seventy-four."

Mrs. Factor made no reply; but she sighed, and looked a great deal more. The captain took a tender farewell of her, and returned upon deck.

In another half hour, the Desdemona had come within gun-shot of the strange sail; and the private signal which she hove out not being answered, the colours were hoisted, and the captain told the master to clap him alongside the enemy.

"A noble frigate!" exclaimed captain Brilliant, as he reconnoitred her through his glass. "She shows her teeth bravely! Stand by, my boys!"

C

"All ready, sir!" cried the men.

"But, as the proverb says, There is many a slip between the cup and the lip. The supposed enemy,

instead of showing French, hoisted American colours; and thus were the hopes of British valour disappointed for the time.

"A Jonothan! by the hookey!" exclaimed captain Brilliant.

"Pork and molasses!" cried lieutenant Hurricane. "I thought all fighting had been over in the Jerseys."

Captain Brilliant took his speaking-trumpet.

"Hoay! the ship a-hoy!"

"Holloa!"

"What ship is that?"

"The Rattlesnake! United States' man of war!"

"Have you seen any thing of a French seventy-four cut down?"

"Yes! she is now in chase of a man-of-war brig. She is going large before the wind."

"Thank you! thank you! Square away the yards there! Haul the mainsail up!"

Both frigates cheered and parted company.

Whether the French ship enjoyed a good pair of heels, or whether the American captain had misre-

presented her situation, it is not for the humble historian of this page to determine. But, after a fruitless search of eight hours, no enemy could be found, and only the water and sky were to be seen, when the sun had sunk beneath the horizon.

CHAP. V.

The gallant chiefs enjoy the favouring gale,
Formed to command and range the various sail.
Falconer.

Mr. Factor now came upon deck, not supporting, but supported by, his black-eyed spouse, who smiled loves and graces as she ascended the companion-ladder.

Mr. Factor's bowels were less painful, for the danger was over; but he looked more like a ghost than one of this world.

"Captain Brilliant was leaning over the taffarel, enjoying his recollections. Flora ran towards him.

"Oh, captain!" cried Flora, "I am so glad to see you safe. When I was down in the *cellar*, and the surgeon displayed his dressings, I could think of nothing but heads, and legs, and arms, flying about in the air."

"And it is all for your charming sex," whispered the captain, "that sailors thus expose their lives. Assured that courage alone can merit the fair, I would fight the ship on my stumps, and never strike my colours while there was a shot left in the locker."

"I always loved sailors," cried Flora.

"You may know I am a sailor," said the captain, "by the hardness of my hand. But my heart is of a different nature; a glance from a black eye always lights it into a flame."

"Heigho!" sighed Flora, "I know my heart is strangely agitated."

"And mine," said the captain, "moves up and down like a brig's boom in a calm. To make it lie still, I must have recourse to a parbunckle."

"I pray you unhand me," whispered Flora, "Mr. Factor is coming this way."

"Flora!" faultered the merchant; "Flora! what are you doing there? Why don't you come and give me your arm? You know that in my weak state the *rocking* of the ship is almost death to me."

"I am coming, my dear."

"Here, help me below. I want you to put me to bed. Have you hung up the curtains, as I told you?"

"My dear, don't go to bed yet; I imagine tea will be ready soon. A cup of tea will restore you."

"I can't drink tea; it does not agree with me."

"Then, I will make you, my dear, a little panado."

"What kind of panado?"

"The same kind, my dear, that Quasheba made for me at Martha Bre, when you thought I was going to lie in. You tasted it at my bedside, and said it was excellent."

"Well; help me below."

"Yes, my dear."

The happy pair descended.

"A precious husband!" exclaimed Captain Brilliant. "There is nothing of him left but ribs and trucks. His coat fits him like a purser's shirt upon a handspike."

"He told me, sir," said the lieutenant, "that he had been a great traveller."

"Granted!" cried the captain, "I dare say he has doubled cape horn."

"He tops the officer over his wife, sir."

"A son of a sea-cook! if he was to fall overboard, I would not heave him a rope."

Tea—Accommodation.

"We shall have yet, sir, perhaps, to sew him up in his hammock."

"The sooner he goes over the standing part of the main sheet the better."

The steward, at this juncture, came to acquaint the captain that tea was ready.

"Tea," exclaimed captain Brilliant. "I wish to make a better land-fall. Stretch along the eating haliards! You are determined we shall not escape being raked fore and aft."

The captain and his lieutenant now walked up and down the quarter deck."

"Hurricane," said the captain, "I am very glad you brought the young lady on board. I hate to see a priest. A ship never gets safe to port that has a priest in her; but a fine girl is a charming acquisition."

"Should the merchant and his lady, sir, incommode you, I will willingly give up my cabin to them in the gun-room."

"I thank you kindly! Take a severe turn there! I would rather have them in my cabin. If the wife was old and ugly, they should descend into the gun-

room; but, as she is young and pretty, I will keep them aloft."

"Is not Flora, sir, a French name?"

"Yes, it is; it is Creole French."

"But the lady, sir, is English. Her husband at least said so."

"He may tell that to the marines, but the sailors will not believe him."

"I think, sir, she is a Creole."

"You may tell it by the peak of her mizen."

"How fine she had rigged herself when I brought her, sir, on board."

"She was under a press of sail. She had royals set; sky-scrapers, moon-rakers, and a cursed god above all."

"Will it not be necessary, sir, to put down the lady as a passenger?" "Yes."

"She has a delicate skin, sir."

"Faith! she has. She is as fair as driven charcoal."

The steward again appeared, to announce that the cold meat was laid out in the cabin.

"Very well," said the captain. "Get some wine to pass. Come, Hurricane, let us board the beef in the smoke."

MAHARAJA ... JAYKISHAN ...

CHAP. VI.

The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
Reduce the topsails by a single reef,
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels.
Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain,
And, soon reduced, resume their post again.

Falconer.

THE day was succeeded by a beautiful night. The full moon arose in solemn majesty, whilst a moderate breeze swelled the bosoms of the sails.

Mr. Factor, feeling a nausea from the motion of the ship, ascended the deck with his youthful spouse, to enjoy the fresh air; while captain Brilliant sat over his wine with the first lieutenant, in his cabin.

"Another bottle of wine here!" cried captain Brilliant. "You steward! don't you see this bottle is a marine. The lights, I suppose, are put out: they are handing up powder out of the magazine. Faith! Hurricane, our lady passenger is a fine girl. She has a good pair of cat-heads!"

"Yes, sir, she is nice and bluff about the bows."

"It was a great sacrifice in so young a girl, to get spliced to so old a man."

"Yet, sir, she says she loves him dearly."

"Avast there! She may tell the marines that; but the sailors will not believe it."

"I can hardly hoist it in, sir!"

"Hoist it in! It would carry away a dozen luff-tackles to hoist it in."

"How thin her husband is, sir!"

"Thin! He may get under the lee of a rope-yarn."

"I think, sir, that already the old man is jealous of you."

"As surely as the Desdemona is now going through the water. Why, when I took his wife by the hand he looked at me marlinspikes."

"He changed colour in the face, sir, like a dolphin."

"Come, Hurricane, drink your wine. Here's to the wind that blows, the ship that goes, and the lass that loves a sailor."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Flora, who came down under the pretence of finding her smelling-bottle.

The captain and lieutenant rose to receive her.

A tete-a-tete.

"Captain!" exclaimed Flora, "do you know I have lost my smelling-bottle, and Mr. Factor is angry with me for it."

"Angry with such loveliness!" exclaimed Captain Brilliant. "Good God!"

Flora had insensibly taken a seat next the captain, who was caressing her fine form. The lieutenant expressed his apprehension that he was wanted upon deck, and withdrew from the cabin.

"Lord," said Flora, "what did that man make his exit so quick for?"

"He is gone upon deck, my dear, to keep a look out a-head for squalls."

"Squalls! captain! By goles, if I don't go up myself directly; I know Mr. Factor will be squalling out after me."

"You have sweet lips, Flora. Notwithstanding my love of fighting, I would rather engage them than an enemy's frigate."

"For shame! captain!" said Flora.

"Another pull!" cried captain Brilliant.

"My dear Brilliant!" said Flora.

"A long pull, Flora, a strong pull, and a pull both together."

"For shame, captain!" exclaimed the lady.

"Flora! I say, Flora!" cried Mr. Factor, poking his head down the ladder; while the lieutenants and midshipmen were giggling upon deck. "Flora! I say, Flora! It takes you a long time to look for your smelling-bottle."

"Unhand me! captain, I beseech you," cried Flora. "Don't you hear my husband? I am coming, my dear: I am only getting a handkerchief out of the trunk, to tie round your neck. I'm afraid, love, you will catch cold, by being exposed to the wind."

Flora now ascended the ladder, followed by captain Brilliant, who, bowing to Mr. Factor, expressed a hope he would not catch cold in his head; and told the lieutenant of the watch to take another reef in the topsails.

The topsail-yards were now lowered down; the reef-tackles were hauled out; and the lieutenant having exclaimed, "Away, aloft there!" the topmen scrambled up the rigging with the agility of monkeys, and lying out upon the yards, soon busied themselves in reducing the sails of the ship; while the midshipman on each cap vociferated to the people, "Light out there, to windward! Light out men, cheerly!"

CHAP. VII.

Lo! to the shore the gallant tar returns;
Whose breast with love for fair Cassandra burns.

Author.

THERE being no ship visible, and the cruise of the Desdemona having expired, captain Brilliant shaped his course for spithead, where he found Mr. Echo arrived with the prize.

And now the bosom of Flora rose with emotion, at the thought of separating from captain Brilliant and his officers. She gave a world of sighs, and could scarce repress the tear that trembled in her eye. But Mr. Factor hurried her into the boat; and she waved her hand to captain Brilliant, who stood kissing his own to her on the gangway.

"She's gone!" exclaimed captain Brilliant, to the first lieutenant. "The old fellow has shoved his boat off! What an infernal splice! What a damnable sacrifice!"

"And yet, sir," said Mr. Hurricane, "she vowed before the chaplain, at the altar, to love, honour,

and obey her husband, till death cut away the life-lines of either one or the other."

"She might tell the parson so," cried captain Brilliant; "but I'll be d——d if the sailors will believe it."

It being necessary to overhaul the Desdemona's rigging, captain Brilliant hired horses, and, accompanied by his steward, proceeded into Wales.

Was the hero of this tale, then, a descendant from Caractacus, that he betook himself into Wales? or was he drawn thither by some Cambrian damsel, fair as the snow that covers the mountains? A little patience, courteous reader, and your curiosity shall be relieved.

About a mile from Caerfilly, dwelled an aged admiral, who having done with the fatigues of a maritime life, enjoyed both ease and dignity in retirement: and centred his happiness in the education of a neice, who loved and venerated him with the tenderness of a child.

Cassandra Temple had scarcely seen more than seventeen summers. She was not, perhaps, what is termed a regular beauty; but her eyes were dark

and sparkling; her form was unobjectionable; and it was impossible to behold in any maid a finer bosom, a more elegant arm, or a neater foot.

The admiral, her uncle, kept much company; and a thousand beaux had whispered soft nonsense into the ear of Cassandra; but it never reached her heart: and in fact, it may be said, she did not know she had a heart, till she saw captain Brilliant.

For six months she had now, however, experienced the heart-ache; and every time the wind blew, she sighed for her absent sailor.

Admiral Roughknot received the papers regularly from London, and he always made it a practice to read the naval intelligence aloud. He alighted one day on a paragraph that made the little heart of Cassandra go pit-a-pat.

"Yesterday morning, the Desdemona, captain Brilliant, arrived at Spithead."

"Captain Brilliant," said the old man: "is not that, Cassandra, the youth who dined with us one day, when sir Hugh Morgan paid us a visit with his children and grand children? I remember the day particularly, for you were taken ill a short time after their departure."

"Yes, uncle," sighed Cassandra; "and I too remember the day."

"You were very ill, Cassandra."

"Yes, uncle, indeed; I was ill in my heart."

"He was a likely young fellow," added the old man.

Cassandra sighed.

"He was very officer-like in his manners," continued the admiral.

Cassandra repeated her sigh.

"Those long-shore men, sir Hugh's sons, could not hold a light to him where he came. The eyes of Miss Morgan seemed clinched upon the captain."

In this manner the admiral went on for an hour, to indulge his garrulity; nor could he have selected a more interesting theme for Cassandra, who listened to her uncle with tumultuous rapture.

Captain Brilliant arrives in Wales.

CHAP. VIII.

Within the grove Cassandra lean'd
Upon her sailor's breast;
Her head upon his cheek reclined,
Her lips to his were pressed.

Author.

CAPTAIN BRILLIANT rode into Wales, actuated apparently by no other motive than to see his friend, sir Hugh Morgan; but the real object of his journey was to obtain an interview with Cassandra, who dwelt within a mile of the baronet's seat.

Sir Hugh and his sons received our hero with transports. "Tantivy!" cried the baronet. "Tantivy! tantivy!"—The whole family crowded round him: the fatted calf was killed; and all was joy, mirth, and jubilee.

Brilliant cursed, in secret, the importunities of the family; and it was not till twilight that he could escape from the hall. The moon was rising, and, guided by its light, he directed his steps to the dwelling of Cassandra.

Tender fears.

It was a summer's evening, and Cassandra was sitting at a window that looked into the garden, in maiden meditation, fancy free. She was repeating a favourite stanza of a poem, when captain Brilliant approached :—

Lovely seems the moon's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the waves her radiance flies.

Here Cassandra gave a sigh, which seemed to exhale her soul through her lips, and then gave vent to her feelings in the following soliloquy :—

"My lover has passed many seas; he has wandered to distant shores. At this moment the prow of his vessel is cleaving the deep. Oh! when the wind blows in wrath, and rouses the surges from their sleep, it is then I sigh for the safety of my sailor; it is then my fancy magnifies the dangers that encompass him.

"I now from my window behold the waves spend their rage on the shore. The cottager hears it, and rejoices in his safety. It is my sailor who is exposed to danger. In vain does the sigh of love distend my bosom. It is lost in the blast. In vain

vain do my eyes roll in sorrow o'er the deep. The bark of my lover mounts not on the waves!"

Thus spoke Cassandra; her hair falling in sweet disorder over her well-turned shoulder, and her white arm supporting her leaning cheek.

"It is now near night," resumed the maid, "but, sailor of my heart! shall I taste the joys of sleep, when thou art exposed to danger? Oh! dost thou ever think of me in the season of dreams? Is my image ever seen in thy slumbers of the night?"

"Yes, my sea-goddess!" exclaimed Brilliant, "every night; lying in my cot, I fancy I see thee, that I hold thee in my arms! My dream is now realized! I feel thee in my embrace; feel the beat of thy bosom, the warmth of thy lips!"

The window of Cassandra's summer-house was low. She yielded to the impassioned embrace of her lover. She reclined her head on his breast. She listened to the accents of his voice in silence. The heaving of her white bosom met his heart. Her roseate lips were pressed by the sun of the ocean. Sighs from both were intermingled, and love fled from eye to eye.

"Oh! Brilliant!" cried Cassandra, with a faultering voice, "may we meet again never to be separated by the ocean!"

"No, never! I come to take you with me to sea.,"

"Oh! I will go with you round the world."

Here the tender discourse of these fond lovers was interrupted by the sound of a horn, and the cry of "Stole away! stole away!" which was vociferated from the lungs of sir Hugh Morgan, and which echo repeated from every hill and every dale.

"D——n that fellow!" exclaimed the captain; "he has got his broth, and is come in pursuit. Cassandra, I must shove my boat off, or our interview will be discovered."

"Good night! good night!" cried Cassandra, meeting, rather than repulsing, the embrace of the captain.

Captain Brilliant now took to his heels; and, for the first time in his life, might have been said to have run away. He leaped hedges and ditches, and gates, and fences; till, by a circuitous route, he reached the house of the baronet, without affording any clue to trace his nightly pilgrimage.

The baronet beat up the quarters of the admiral, and earnestly enquired for his kinsman. The noble sea-officer denied having seen him, but expressed his hope that the captain was in health.

"Tantivy! Tantivy!" bellowed the baronet. "Hark away! Hark away!" And so saying, he danced back to his house, followed by all his dogs, in full cry.

The captain devised an excuse, which satisfied sir Hugh.

"Finding it devilish hot," said the captain, "I went to bathe myself in your pond; and I now return to you with a double flow of spirits."

"Bathe in my pond!" cried sir Hugh, "you shall bathe in a bowl of grog. I would rather see you than the great mogul. You shall drink till you cannot see out of your eyes. Here's success to the Desdemona! I know you will fight, my boy; I know you will kill every enemy to our king, our constitution, and our religion. Yard-arm and yard-arm! chain-shot and grape-shot. Single-round and double-round! Cartridges and wads! Shoot away! my brave boys! You trespass on no manor. The sea knows no game-keepers. Fire away, my brave boys! Hearts of oak! Wooden walls! Rule Britannia!"

And here I conclude the chapter; acquainting my reader, upon the veracity of an historian, that, however stupidly intoxicated sir Hugh became before midnight, our hero did not degrade himself below a beast, but retired to bed sober.

CHAP. IX.

He never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster.

Shakespeare.

THE conference of the lovers being interrupted by the clamours of the intoxicated baronet, Cassandra had not been allowed time to acquaint the captain that a titled rival had professed himself her devoted humble servant; and was encouraged by the admiral to prosecute his suit.

This rival was Lord Fiddlefaddle, a youth of immense fortune; but who had been spoiled by the indulgence of his mother. Valuable individuals are scarce, and it was a duty his lordship owed his country to take care of himself. He wore chicken-skin gloves; encased his body with stays; and when he washed his hands, had recourse always to rose-water.

Land and sea compliments.

The following day, captain Brilliant was invited, with sir Hugh and his family, to dine at the admiral's; where lord Fiddlefaddle had got before them, and was whispering tender things to Cassandra, when the guests entered the room.

"My lord," said the admiral, "allow me to introduce captain Brilliant to you."

"I am," cried lord Fiddlefaddle, "captain Brilliant's most obedient and very humble servant. Cass, my fair bride, it is not, I think, in my power to be more obedient or more humble."—And so saying, his lordship took an opera-glass from his pocket, and began to reconnoitre the captain.

"And I, sir," said captain Brilliant, "am lord Fiddlefaddle's most humble-come-tumble out of the main-top into the lower-hold! I would not wish to fall further."

"Technical!" exclaimed his lordship. "Cassandra, tell me, my bride! are you of the same opinion as the countess dowager of Fitz-Quizzerie: she says I have a nose exactly like Julius Cæsar's?"

This was too much for the risible muscles of Brilliant. He laughed till he roared: not more tremendous was the roar of Homer's gods united. But not wishing to transgress the rules of good-breeding, he was about to prefer an excuse, when per-

ceiving lord Fiddlefaddle draw his sword half way out of the scabbard, his laughter redoubled.

"Let me come at him!" exclaimed his lordship, "I will impale him with my sword!"

"Murder!" cried the captain. "Help, here or I shall be slain!"

The company now interposed their offices of peace-making; sir Hugh repressed the arm of the valorous peer, and the admiral restrained the laughter of the side-shaking captain.

"Never mind," said his lordship: "I will put up my sword in the presence of women; but I shall find time and place. Death before dishonour."

"His lordship looks big," whispered the eldest Morgan in the ear of the captain. "See how he struts!"

"He now walks the deck," said the captain, "as stiff as a midshipman; but a single lee-lurch of the Desdemona would shake him to oakum."

Dinner was now served up. Cassandra did the honours of the table. She looked extremely dejected, for she was not only annoyed by the pestilential compliments of lord Fiddlefaddle, but she witnessed that the melting eye of Miss Morgan was perpetually directing its artillery at the captain.

Dinner ended, the ladies withdrew, followed by lord Fiddlefaddle, who vowed it was a barbarous John Bull custom, to sit soaking over a bottle, and leave the women to pine, like so many turtles for their mates.

The wine was therefore circulated among those who had heads to bear it: and it was not till the gentlemen had respectively drank a couple of bottles, that they ascended to the drawing-room.

Lord Fiddlefaddle had drawn his chair close to Cassandra, who was biting her lips with vexation to be so pestered by a popinjay. He was relating to her the movements of the Caerfilly volunteers, whom, he had reviewed the preceding day. "Our fatigues," said he, "were, without any hyperbole, not exceeded by Hannibal, when he crossed the Alps. We marched, and counter-marched, at least a dozen miles. There was no intermission to our toil. Should the French ever have the temerity to invade us, they will find veterans to oppose."

Captain Brilliant approached the eldest Miss Morgan; it was but common politeness, for there was an unoccupied chair by her side.

"How enviable are your military men," whispered Brilliant, what power a red coat has over the

hearts of the fair. Only observe how Miss Cassandra sighs when his lordship addresses her."

"She does, indeed," said Miss Morgan.

"I am sure," resumed the captain, "they must be soft as the breezes of the equator, or the hull of his lordship could never withstand them."

Miss Morgan could scarcely repress the impulse she felt to laugh, when the party was broken up by the movements of lord Fiddlefaddle, who, looking at his watch, swore he had exceeded the hour of his promised visit to the countess dowager Fitz-Quizzerie; and his coach being called, he left the house with as many bows as a French dancing-master.

The lovers meet again.

CHAP. X.

Fair encounter
Of two rare affections!

Shakespeare.

NONE of my readers can be so dull as not to imagine that the hero and heroine of this tale were solicitous in their hearts once more to obtain an interview.

Love delights in the stillness of the night; and when Phœbe mounted her silver car, Cassandra repaired to her room, and reclined her cheek upon her hand, somewhat after the manner of Juliet in the play. She had been reading Shakespeare, and the scene before her associated one of his descriptions in her mind.

"O beautiful night!" said Cassandra. "The moon lends her light to the footsteps of my lover."

"Yes!" cried the captain, faithful to his assignation: "here I come, Cassandra, like seven bells half struck."

"Welcome!" exclaimed Cassandra; "welcome to my eyes! How fair is the night!"

"But how much fairer you!" rejoined the captain. "How pretty your white robe shakes a cloth to the wind. Cassandra," added he, "you did not tell me I had a rival."

"He was not worthy to be mentioned."

"But he is a lord: and your uncle swears that you shall marry him."

"Alas. it is too true."

"And the rumour of the place is, that Thursday is the day appointed for you to be spliced."

"Alas! I know it."

"But reflect, Cassandra; thrice will the moon hide her head in the ocean before the day arrives; and on the preceding night, guided by its friendly beams, shove your boat off with me."

"Heigho! my heart beats strangely."

"I have already procured a license from a chaplain, and engaged a chaise and four. So all now wanting is your consent; and then we will be spliced."

"But, provided I become your wife, will you, my dear Brilliant, take me with you to sea? It would break the heart of poor Cassandra to be separated by the wide ocean from the husband of her election."

"Bravo! my pretty sailor. You shall grace the cabin of the Desdemona. An accommodation-ladder shall be prepared for the lady of the captain; the boatswain shall attend the side, and the marines be drawn up to receive you."

"Then on Wednesday I will be your's, if you will have poor Cassandra."

"Yes! Cassandra; and I will so prize the gift, that I would not exchange you for all the pearls, gold, and silver in Davy Jones's locker."

CHAP. XI.

He hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in terrestrial vesture of creation
Does bear all excellence.

Shakespeare.

I REMEMBER once having been told by a young lady who had eloped to be married, that a woman in such a situation never goes off unprovided with a bundle. Whether it be, that a woman's love of dress never forsakes her; or, that she looks to maintain the conquest her beauty has achieved, by the adventitious aid of the milliner and mantua-maker.

When captain Brilliant came to the window to Cassandra, at the appointed hour, she had not only dressed in an appropriate manner to elope, but had made up a little bundle of clothes to accompany her.

A sailor's note.

The admiral was now out, and Brilliant was admitted to her room by Prudence, her faithful servant and confidant, who was ready to partake of the fortunes of her mistress.

"Oh, Brilliant!" cried Cassandra, "how I tremble! My hand shakes so, that I am utterly incapable of writing a note to my uncle."

"Give me the pen, my dear," said Brilliant; "I will write the admiral a note ship-shape."

Captain Brilliant took the pen, and wrote as follows:—

Sir,

Your neice being a lass who loves a sailor declines the marriage settlement of my lord Fiddlefumble, to be spliced to a man who has no other house but his ship; which will sufficiently explain the motive of her shoving her boat off.

I have the honour to be, &c.

BRYAN BRILLIANT.

The every-day writers of tales have an invariable custom of making their lovers elope at the conclu-

sion of their histories; but, disdaining such rules, behold the hero and heroine of this page running away in the middle of my eventful story: or, in language more correct, run away with by four blood horses, and pursuing their course to the New Ferry Passage. Yes; let the reader picture to his imagination Cassandra, Prudence, and the captain, sitting in a comfortable chaise, and gallopping hurry-skurry to the altar of Hymen.

Captain Brilliant was married to Cassandra at Bristol; and it would require language superior to that of mortals to paint the bliss of captain Brilliant, when he found himself in the arms of his beloved Cassandra. It has been said by the poet that *man never is, but always to be blest.* Here Pope deceived himself; for Brilliant was supremely blest in the possession of so much loveliness. And had Pope tasted the happiness of the marriage state, he never would have advanced such a position.

CHAP. XII.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman,
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth!
Shakespeare.

THOUGH the last chapter may be found short, it was still very eventful: and it now remains for me to relate that captain Brilliant proceeded with his lady to Portsmouth, where his orders had fortunately arrived only an hour before.

"Bravo!" cried the captain to his wife. "Every thing smiles upon our union. Touch and go is a good pilot."

"But when do you go on board?"

"The moment you are ready."

"I am ready now," said Cassandra, throwing her arms round his neck.

"Well then, my love," cried the captain, "I will write a note to my first lieutenant, to get the whip ready for you."

"My dear Brilliant!" said Cassandra: "surely you are not a Russian. What have I done to deserve the whip?"*

Here the captain laughed heartily (as I humbly trust my readers will do) when having explained himself to Cassandra, he wrote his first lieutenant a note.

Dear Hurricane,

Get the whip ready. I am spliced.

Your's,

BRYAN BRILLIANT.

The coxswain of the barge returned with the following answer:

Dear Sir,

So am I! and a devil of a splice I have made.

I have the honour to be, &c.

HENRY HURRICANE.

Captain Brilliant having dined with Cassandra, at the hotel on the Point, and introduced his bride to

* Ladies are hoisted on board in a chair, fastened to a rope on the topsail yard, which is called a whip.

lord Fearless, sir Joshua Invincible, and the honourable captain Cutwater, who commanded ships lying in the harbour, he embarked with Cassandra and Prudence, and a French lap-dog, in the barge, and was conveyed on board the Desdemona.

But, on ascending the ship's side, our noble captain could not repress his astonishment at the uproar that prevailed on the quarter deck of the frigate.

There was a young woman leaning against the cap-stern, stamping her cap under her foot, and upbraiding the first lieutenant with every opprobrious epither that an enraged woman could utter.

"You deceitful man!" cried the lady. "Was it for this I married you before my last husband was laid in his grave, and put you in possession of a bag full of joes?* Shame on you, you low fellow! To descend to a strumpet, when you had a wife on board your ship."

"Indeed, Flora, you are wrong."

"What! have I not the use of my eyes, that you thus exculpate your conduct. Did I not see the woman take you by the arm. Did you not smile on her? Ha! you thought I was snug on board, and ignorant of your villany. But I suspected your con-

* Joes are golden coins that go in the West Indies; and would indeed, I presume, go any where. A bag full would be equivalent to a great fortune, if the bag were pretty large.

duct. Put me, I say, ashore! I will not stay another moment on board."

"Avast there, Flora! The boats are all hoisted in. We have got our sailing orders on board. The fore-topsail is loose. Captain Brilliant is come. I must get the ship under weigh."

Cassandra and Prudence were now hoisted on board; and the former was melted into tenderness on beholding the distraction of a young and beautiful girl.

"What, my dear," said she to her husband, "is the matter?"

"Faith," cried the captain, "here is the devil to pay and no pitch hot. I think I have had the pleasure of seeing that lady before. Mrs. Factor, if I mistake not?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the lady, "my name was Factor. You not long ago had the goodness to take me and my husband into your ship. You remember the morning I left you; Mr. Factor died the same night, of convulsions, in his bed. Not knowing a soul at Portsmouth, I returned on board the ship, and wanted to see you; hoping you could recommend me to some lady to lodge with. You was gone to your friends; but your first lieutenant

received me: and when I told him my tale, he affected to feel for me; beseeched me not to afflict myself, and immediately accompanied me to Mrs. Read, who accommodated me with a first floor on the Point. At that time, sir, I had no more thoughts of him, than I have now of you; and I was not a little surprised to receive from him a letter. I will read it to you."

"Avast there!" cried the lieutenant. "Avast, and spare my blushes,"

"This is the letter, sir," said Flora.—

Divine Flora!

The havoc committed by shells thrown into the seaport of an enemy is a mere trifle in war-time, compared, queen of queens! to the destruction of my heart, from the fire of your eyes. Yes! goddess of goddesses! a shot from either one or both of those heavenly bow-chasers has raked my heart fore and aft, and knocked it into splinters; splinters that no carpenter can repair, but the magic of your smiles. Alack! alack! every time I lie down in my hammock, I fairly make the clues strand, conceiting I hold you, beautiful Flora! in my arms: and if this be not a proof of my most ardent love, I know not in which point of the compass it lies. Lowering my top-gallant sails to you,

I am your dying lieutenant,

HENRY HURRICANE.

To be grave, on hearing this letter read, exceeded all power of face, "Ha! ha! ha!" roared the captain. "Bravo, Hurricane! By the piper that played before Moses in the woods, you went upon the right tack. Ay! let a sailor alone for laying an anchor to windward of a fair lady!."

"Well, sir," continued Mrs. Factor, "the next morning he came ashore in a full suit of uniform, a gold laced hat, and a swaggering sword by his side; and being admitted to my presence, threw himself at my feet. He swore I was more beautiful in my undress (I was then in my dishabille) than a seventy-four gun ship in full sail; and after heaping a thousand praises on what he called my top-lights, he implored I would suffer him to send for a chaplain to splice us together. At first I could with difficulty repress my smiles; but when I saw the man take his handkerchief from his pocket and cry like a school-boy——"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, madam," said the captain, "but I suspect Mr. Hurricane had an onion in his pocket."

"Upon my soul, sir," answered the lieutenant, "when I thought she scorned my passion, I wept like a child."

"Belay there!" cried the captain; "you may tell that to the marines, but I'll be d—d if the sailors will believe it."

Accusations.

"Well, sir," returned Flora, "beholding a man weep for me, who I knew but a few days before was burning with impatience to encounter the enemies of his country, my heart was melted into tenderness, and I consented to become his wife. We were married privately the next day; and I will candidly acknowledge that the ardour of a young sea-officer soothed into oblivion the memory of my old merchant."

"Yes, Flora," interrupted the lieutenant, "you found me no *Plato-comic* lover.

"Well, captain," continued Flora, "I now thought myself happy; and I put into the hands of my new husband a bag full of joes; I also accompanied him on board the frigate, and I loved him so in my heart, that I would have gone with him, cheerfully, in a voyage round the world. But I soon found my happiness vanish like a dream. My husband pretended that he had business at the dock-yard, and desired I would amuse myself with a book till he returned. But, suspecting that, in reality, he was tired of my company, I followed in another boat, and popped upon my *dying lieutenant* at the door of a bad house, toying, in the company of some more lieutenants, with several vulgar wenches, whose bold looks would have disgusted a man of the least sentiment."

The charges finished.

"Hurricane," said the captain, "here is a grand charge against you. Were you to be tried by a court martial, where there was a jury of husbands, you would certainly be transferred to the bottom of Hymen's list."

"Indeed, sir," said the lieutenant, "I am an innocent fellow."

"Yes," rejoined the captain, "so it appears."

"Why, sir" said the lieutenant, "the fact was this: Having dined at the Blue Posts, with three or four of my old messmates, in walking down together to the boat at the Point, we passed a house where there were half a dozen young women before the door. They all of them hailed us; but all I wanted was to luff up, to bear away, to keep clear of the fleet; for I had now got a wife, and had entirely done with drifting. But I was embarrassed in the clinch. For just as I was endeavouring to shove off my boat from them, a girl laid hold of me, stock and flute, and swears I shall not leave her."

"Yes!" cried Flora, "she hanged and lolled upon you; and you smiled, and was ready to accompany her into the house."

"How now," rejoined the lieutenant, "I was trying to get from the house, and had already cleared myself from the arms of the woman, when, lo! my wife appears, and reads the articles of war to me."

The boat hoisted on board.

"Well," said the captain, "we will hoist the barge in upon the strength of it."

The yard and stay-tackles of the frigate were now hauled down and hooked to the barge; the falls were manned, and the boatswain, together with his three mates, began to tune

> The shrill whistle, which doth order give
> To sounds confus'd.

The sailors were making a run of the tackle-falls, and Mr. Hurricane, the lieutenant, was heard to exclaim, "Silence there! Step out, men! step out! Walk away with him, cheerly!

In one minute the barge was suspended in the air, between the main and fore-yards. And now were heard the following orders, which had the the magic to place the boat upon the booms:—

"High enough with the stays! Avast there! Lower away the yards! Lower away the stays! Let go!"

CHAP. XIII.

Up torne reluctant from the oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave:
Along the slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvass wings extend.

Falconer.

THE orders, which I have observed, captain Brilliant had received from the secretary of the Admiralty, commanded him to proceed without delay to the coast of America, and cruise for three months off the Capes of Virginia.

The Desdemona had already taken on board provisions for half a year, and she was otherwise equipped for an absence from England.

The topsails were, therefore, sheeted home and hoisted; the capstern bars were again manned; the anchor the ship rode, at, was hove up to the bows; and, being cast by Lieutenant Hurricane, the frigate stood out for Spithead with solemn majesty of mien.

Hotspur exclaimed to his wife, "Kate! you shall see me ride!"* But Hurricane might have said to his wife, "Flora! you shall see me get a ship under weigh!"

The sails being trimmed, captain Brilliant descended with the blooming Cassandra, and, saluting her, cried, "Welcome, my sweet love! on board the ship I command. But, alas! I am apprehensive you will soon wish yourself in Wales, where you were under no fear of bringing your anchors home."

"Indeed, my love!" said Cassandra, "your suspicions are unjust. The shore and the sea are alike to Cassandra, provided she is with you."

"You will not," returned the captain, "be without the society of your sex. Though Mrs. Hurricane is somewhat violent, her manners still discover elegance and ease."

"She is, indeed," said Cassandra, "a very pretty young woman. I pray you, invite her below."

"Prudence," said the captain, "acquaint Mrs. Hurricane we are going to tea. Oh! you are nursing Monsieur *Bijou*; all the chicken bones shall be saved for him."

* Vide Henry the Fourth.

Mrs. Hurricane descended into the cabin more composed in her aspect.

"My dear madam," said she, to Cassandra, "I hope you will excuse my impetuosity; but I love my husband so violently, that it made me quite forget myself. Lord! how he contrives to make the ship gallop along with us. Are you not alarmed? And he roars so through his trumpet, that he would deafen a ballad-singer."

"Your husband, madam," cried captain Brilliant, "has got a top-chain down his throat. He is a noble sea officer. I know him on every tack. He was once a midshipman under me, and has risen to his present dignity by his zeal for the service. A better officer never took a speaking trumpet in his hand. If he has any fault, it is, that there is not a fine girl at the Point whom he has not had in tow."

"My dear Brilliant," said Cassandra, "forbear your strictures. Mrs. Hurricane, you must not mind my husband; he is only in jest."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Hurricane, "I believe many a true word is said in jest. I know Hurricane made the first overture to the wench I caught him with— I know the inconstant did! I will never have done rating him till I get at the truth."

Mr. Hurricane here came down to confer with the captain. "It looks black, sir, to windward," said he; "shall we take another reef in the topsails?"

"Black!" repeated Flora, disdainfully. "Then it corresponds with your heart."

"Close reef the pudding-bags, Mr. Hurricane," returned the captain. "Take in the top-gallant-sails, and turn the hands up to reef the topsails."

Mr. Hurricane had scarcely left the cabin, when the flagship at Spithead fired her evening gun.

"There," said captain Brilliant, "goes the commodore down the main hatch way."

And now the party sat down to enjoy their tea in the cabin, over which much pleasantry and good humour prevailed. The steward, together with the captain's servant, waited at table; and the sail-maker was busily employed in one corner, putting a new pair of clues to the captain's cot.

"Let my geer be strong," said the captain to the sail-maker, "for I expect we shall have some hard squalls in the night. Mrs. Hurricane, how are you, madam? Do you feel a little sick at stomach?"

"A little, sir,"

"Ha! Hurricane, I perceive, has already laid the keel of a young one."

CHAP. XIV.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung.

Dibdin.

THE ship's bell having rung for eight o'clock, lieutenant Taffarel went upon deck to relieve lieutenant Hurricane; when, exchanging a man-of-war's bow, they fell together into the quarter-deck step, and conversed with much gaiety.

"Why, damn it, Hurricane," cried Taffarel, "the captain and you have both gone upon the same tack, and both fetched the same port. His wife is a beauty. But what is it he calls her? Cat-fall-andra? 'Tis a very good name, for she has a noble pair of cat-heads."

"She seems," said Hurricane, "to be a nice sea-boat. But as to mine, she'll neither stay, nor wear, nor lie-too, nor scud."

"Psha!" said Tafferel, "you don't know her trim yet."

"What a passion," cried Hurricane, "she was in this afternoon, when the captain came along-side. By ——! I was ashamed of myself. The ship is no better than a privateer."

"She looked very warlike," said Taffarel. "I thought more than once she would have flattened your jib-sheet in."

"It cannot be helped," retorted Hurricane, "hard up and she cracks."

"Have you heard the news?" said Taffarel.

"What is it?" cried Hurricane.

"Why, the third lieutenant is on the doctor's list; and you and I, this night, must keep watch and watch."

"It is the same thing to me. The middle watch is mine. It is you who will have two sculks in the lee scuppers."

"Damn all watches! I would sell mine to any body for a trifle."

"'Tis the fortune of war."

"Where's your wife, Hurricane?"

"She is in the main-top, picking gooseberries."

"You would not let her go ashore."

"Yes I would, if she would have gone upon the sheet anchor."

"Ha! ha! that would be next to heaving her over the standing part of the main-sheet."

"What did you think of the letter?"

"It was sublime, by Heaven! When Flora read it, I knew it was your's. I knew your hand-writing."*

"I did not think she would overhaul it again.—How the captain laughed!"

"Laughed! It made all hands laugh. 'Your dying lieutenant!' That was much better than dying swain; for what is a long-shore-man compared to a sailor?"

"Well, I must go below. I get no more rest than the vane at the mast head. Taffarel! take care the ship does not fall overboard."

"Aye, aye, sir! aye, aye! But, Mr. Hurricane, hark you, you have not told me which way the ship's head is."

"Her head is between the two cat-heads."

"Well, bear a hand, and get your anchor a cock-bill."

"It already hangs by the stopper. My shank-painter is let go; and I have roused up a good range of cable upon deck."

"Then let go the anchor."

* Style.

CHAP. XV.

Now some the watch of night attentive keep,
The rest profoundly in their hammocks sleep.

Author.

Lieutenant Hurricane, having gone below, dispatched the gun-room steward into the cabin, with his compliments to Mrs. Hurricane, and he was going to turn in.

"Carry the message ashore," said Mrs. Hurricane; "he does not want me."

"Indeed, madam, he does," returned the steward. "Your husband is now walking up and down the gun-room with his hands in his beckets."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the captain.

Coming round.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick and sometimes slow.

"Shall I say, madam," cried the steward, "that you are coming?"

"No! I am not married to a fore-mast-man. I will not go to bed at eight o'clock. Such an hour only suits the vulgar."

"It is almost nine, madam; Mr. Hurricane waited for you till one bell."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the captain again.

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly falls the dews of night;
Yonder walks my first lieutenant,
Shunning every glare of light.

"Mr. Hurricane," cried the steward, "says he cannot, madam, sleep without you."

"His wife," said Flora, "will not believe that."

"Nor the sailors either," rejoined the captain; "it will only do for the marines."

"Go, my dear girl," said Cassandra.

"Will you come, madam?" asked the steward.

"Let my husband come and attend me," said Flora.

"Yes," rejoined the captain; "tell Mr. Hurricane to come and convey his wife down the ladder."

"Aye! aye! sir," cried the steward.

In a few minutes lieutenant Hurricane made his appearance with a lanthorn in his hand.

"My dear," said he, "you are very slack in stays."*

"Slack in stays!" said Flora. "I have no stays on. Go to your wenches, you low fellow."

"Handsomely! handsomely!† Flora!" cried the lieutenant. "You forget, that in a short time you will be out of soundings. You forget, madam, that soon I shall have you in blue water."

"Go to the Dock again," replied Flora.

"I want to get you into dock," said the lieutenant. "Come! do heave up your anchors. You know, my dear, what a long time it takes you to undress. You are as long rigging and unrigging as a seventy-four gun ship."

"Surprising!" said the captain. "Now my wife will strip ship in a minute."

"My dear Brilliant!" said Cassandra.

* Slack in stays is a term applied to a ship that does not tack quickly.

† Handsomely implies gently.

"Pray, Flora, spring your luff," said the lieutenant. "It takes you half an hour to get on your shifting backstay nightcap."

"Good-night, Mrs. Brilliant," said Flora.

"Good-night, my dear," replied Cassandra.

"Good-night, Mrs. Hurricane," said the captain. "Mind you square the yards by the lifts and braces, Hurricane! I suspect we shall have to send down top-gallant yards. There will be some hard squalls before the morning."

A night-scene upon deck.

CHAP. XVI.

Lo! o'er the weikin the tempestuous clouds,
Successive fly, and the loud piping wind
Rocks the poor sea-boy on the lofty shrouds;
While the skill'd sailor, o'er the helm reclined.
Lists to the changeful storm; and, as he plies.
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him, sad,
Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad,
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes.

H. K. White.

THE steward now got out the cot, and our hero went up the ladder with his lady.

When captain Brilliant came upon deck with Cassandra, a more beautiful scene could scarcely be imagined than that which presented itself. The moon was gazing at her face in the water, the sails were reflected on the deep, and the repose of the night was disturbed only by the roar of the ocean, whose talking waves the sea-boy chid as he lolled over the bow.

The bell was now struck four; the man at the wheel was relieved, and the log was hove.

"She goes eleven knots, sir," said the master's mate, addressing the lieutenant with a bowing mien.

"Ha!" cried the captain, "she walks through it indeed."

"What is a knot?" said Cassandra.

"A knot, my love," replied the captain, "is a mile."

"How loud it blows," said Cassandra.

"Yes, my dear," said the captain: "the wind whistles through the blocks, as the old fellow observed, when he had only half a sheave at his mast-head."

"Does it ever blow harder at sea?" said Cassandra.

"Harder! my dear," replied the captain. "It sometimes blows hard enough to blow the devil's horns off."

"My dear Brilliant," said Cassandra.

"Cassandra," whispered the captain, "it is too cold for you to be upon deck. Come below, and turn in."

"Let me stay upon deck a little longer," said Cassandra. "The sea is so awful. It reminds me of a passage in the Bible:—*They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep!*"

"Then you read the Bible sometimes," said the captain.

"Yes, my dear," replied Cassandra. "It always makes me cheerful."

"And do you believe about Jonas and the whale?" said the captain. "That will only do for the marines."

"Indeed," retorted Cassandra, I believe it from my heart. What may not be effected by supernatural interposition?"

"Mr. Taffarel," cried the captain "the wind is coming aft: haul in the weather-braces."

"Send the after-guard and marines aft, here!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "to the weather-main-brace! Up there! a blue jacket! and bear those back-stays abreast the top-brim. Where are the main-top-men? Boatswain's mate! start the main-top men aft here. Haul in the main-brace! Pull together, men! Mind the weather-roll! There you are well with the main-yard! Tie him there! Tie him there! Don't come up any? Belay every inch of that!"

The other yards were now squared in succession, by the watch; and the Desdemona urged her course with glory through the wind-obeying deep. Time stole insensibly along; the log was again hove for

midnight; the bell was rung, and the boatswain's mate was heard to pipe, and exclaim thrice, "Starboard watch ahoy! Star-bowlines ahoy!"

The quarter-master now went below to call the midshipmen, of whom many being old men-of-war's men, stood two calls; and a midshipman descended to wake lieutenant Hurricane, who was snoring by the side of his wife.

"Curse all watching!" cried Hurricane, rising up in his bed. "I wish my mother had sold vinegar, and I had staid at home to bottle it off. I get no more rest than a dog-vane!"

"My dear," said Flora, "if you go upon deck I will go with you." And so saying, she threw her arms round the neck of lieutenant Hurricane, with such blushing cheeks, that the lieutenant, like a true man-of-war's man, stood a second call before he turned out.

At length Mr. Hurricane came up the companion-ladder, accompanied by Flora, who had wrapped herself up in her husband's great coat.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the captain, "Who have we here? A friend of the baker, or a friend of the brewer?"

"She is both, sir, I believe," said Mr. Hurricane. "Here we come, sir, together! Here we come,

sir, like a bunch of rope-yarns tied up in a granny's knot."

"My dear Flora!" said Cassandra, "what brought you up in the cold?"

"I cannot sleep by myself," replied Flora; "I come to keep watch with Hurricane."

"Bravo!" cried the captain: "you will soon be a sailor. You will soon be able to do your duty in any part of the ship."

"She can already, sir," said Hurricane, "both hand and steer."

"Was there not a heavy squall in the night?" said the captain.

"Yes, sir," returned the lieutenant. "My poor wife was taken aback; but she soon boxed her ship off."

"Come, Cassandra," said the captain, "let us descend and turn in. If I don't ease my laniard I shall carry away my bob-stay."

"Good-night, Mrs. Hurricane," cried Cassandra; "I hope you will take no cold."

"Good-night, madam," replied Flora; "I hope you will sleep well."

And now I shall conclude this chapter, leaving lieutenant Hurricane and his wife in charge of the quarter deck; and his majesty's frigate the Desdemona going large before the wind, at the rate of thirteen knots and a half an hour.

CHAP. XVII.

Both ships reduce, with eager toil, the sail,
And colours spread, exchange the friendly hail :
" All hands out boat?" the boatswain loudly cries,
Tunes the shrill pipe, and to the hatchway hies.
The nimble tars in crowds the deck ascend,
And high in air the painted barge suspend :
" Lower let go?" the boatswain pipes and bawls,
The boat descends, and on the water falls.

Author.

An easterly wind prevailing, the Desdemona soon cleared the Channel, and stood out to sea. For the first three or four days, the ladies were not without a few qualms at their stomachs ; but their sickness subsided with the gale, and the roses returned to their dimpled faces.

It was off the Azores that captain Brilliant fell in with, and spoke an English seventy-four gun ship. The private signal being mutually answered, the two ships ranged up alongside of one another, and reciprocal inquiries passed between them.

"What frigate is that?" cried the captain of the seventy-four.

"The Desdemona."

"The Desdemona! Then how is captain Brilliant?"

"Hearty! at your service. But I declare you have the advantage of me."

"What! have you forgot the voice of your messmate Tempest?"

"What! is it you, Tempest! How are you? What cheer, my old friend?"

"Hearty! hearty! How is your first lieutenant? Does he drift as much as ever among the girls?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Flora, "his character is notorious."

"I am done with blowings, sir," said lieutenant Hurricane; "I am spliced. This lady, who now looks over the rough-tree-rail, has brought me up standing with a round turn double bitted. The chaplain at Portsmouth read a page to us out of Hamilton Moore."

"What the devil!" cried the strange captain, "another ship in tow? Why it was only three weeks ago that I saw the wife you married at Baltimore. I have a letter from her to you in my pocket. She is inconsolable for your departure. She missed stays just after you shoved off your boat. You had laid down the keel of a young luff."

"Great God!" exclaimed Flora, clasping her hands. "What do I hear! Take me! O take me, sir, into your ship! Snatch me from the presence of the falsest of men!"

"Your eldest boy," resumed the strange captain, "is the very image of you. He grows rapidly. He is nearer heaven than he was by full half an inch."

"Heavenly God!" exclaimed Flora.

"Believe it not, Flora," said Mr. Hurricane. "I was never married before. I have no son in the world. I am without an heir to my estates."

"Avast there!" replied captain Brilliant. "Heave and paul! You forget the child you had by Quassheba of Port Royal."

"Yes!" cried Flora, "your villany is confirmed. Take me from the ship! Take me from the ship! Oh! you deceiver!"

"Then go!" retorted lieutenant Hurricane. Your behaviour is so unlike that of an officer's lady, that the sooner you brace up and haul aft the better, Shall I hoist out the cutter, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Hurricane," replied the captain, "toss out the boat."

"Yes," said Flora, weeping, "you are all in a league against me. But I don't care. I'll go. And when I leave the ship, I will shake the dust off my feet."

"Hook on the cutter, there!" said the lieutenant.

"Avast!" cried the captain. "Detain the cutter and expedite the barge."

"Bargemen! away there!" cried a midshipman. "Coach-horses, away there!" echoed the boatswain's mate. "All hands out barge, ahoy!"

"My dear girl," said Cassandra to Flora, "let not your suspicions triumph over your judgment. Sailors love to joke; and I would put no other construction upon what has been said. Be pacified by me, and do not mind what they say."

"You will never, madam," returned Flora, "convince me I am not deceived. You are not yet acquainted with the character of my husband. I will pack up my cloaths. I will go on board the other ship."

The boatswain and his mates now piped the hands up, to hoist out the barge.

"All hands!" exclaimed Mr. Silvercall (having first piped) "out barge, ahoy! Come, bear a-hand up there, men! Boatswain's mate?"

"Sir!"

"Let me know who is last up the main hatchway."

"Aye, aye! sir! aye, aye!"

Both ships hove-to. It was nearly a calm; the ocean was unruffled; and the nymph-like form of Cassandra, who leaned over the quarter, was reflected from the deep.

The ladies go on board a seventy-four.

CHAP. XVIII.

Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor!

Shakespeare.

THE barge being hoisted out, captain Brilliant went on board the seventy-four, accompanied by Cassandra and Flora. Flora had made up a bundle of cloaths; and in descending the ship's side, gave no reply to lieutenant Hurricane, who had taken out his handkerchief, and affected to weep.

The party was received with every elegance of urbanity by captain Tempest, of the Salamander: the cabin-doors were thrown open, and wine, and biscuit, together with the choicest tropical fruits, were placed on the table.

"Faith, Tempest," said Brilliant, "this is an excellent land fall for the ladies."

The party having refreshed themselves, Cassandra, who had never before visited a line-of-battle ship, was shewn every part that could gratify curiosity. Nor was any attention omitted. The marines were under arms; the lieutenants had dressed themselves with studied elegance; and the midshipmen had pipe-clayed the weekly accounts to the collars.

At length a breeze sprang up; when it became necessary that the two ships should separate. The boat was ordered to be hauled up alongside. "Desdemona's! away there!" vociferated the midshipmen of the watch. "Call the sidesmen! Boatswain's-mate! tell Mr. Stronglungs to attend the side."

The visitors got ready to depart.

"Mrs. Hurricane," said captain Brilliant, "allow me to assist you into the boat?"

"No, sir!" replied Flora, "I will return to England. Captain Tempest will not, I dare say, refuse me a passage."

"But what will my first lieutenant," said captain Brilliant, "do for a wife?"

"He will find one where he is going," answered Flora.

"Do come," said Cassandra, "I entreat you."

"Indeed, my dear, you must excuse me," returned Flora.

At this period, captain Tempest was reclining on his arm, and whispering tender things in the ear of Mrs. Hurricane. Fragments of his discourse were overheard: Better accommodations in this ship—the cabin more roomy—all things harmonious—unanimity and tranquillity—officers polished—the yellow fever in America!"

"Come, Tempest," cried captain Brilliant, "don't be talking *sentimental* to Flora. Don't you be laying an anchor out to windward of my first lieutenant."

The Desdemona had now filled, and Mr. Hurricane ranged up alongside of the seventy-four.

"Desdemona, ahoy!" cried captain Brilliant.—"Hurricane?"

"Sir!" replied the lieutenant.

"Get your wife's chest and hammock ready to send on board here," cried captain Brilliant, "she is determined to draw the splice."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the lieutenant.

"Adieu! Flora! A pleasant passage back to your friends."

"Monster !" exclaimed Flora.

The barge now conveyed the captain and his lady back to the frigate, leaving Flora on board the seventy-four; who, however inflamed with indignation, could not repress a tear. But when the people reciprocally cheered on board the two ships, and each shaped a different course, the heart of Flora was ready to burst; it was then she bewailed the loss of her lieutenant, it was then she felt his value, which possession did not give her.

"Put me on board the Desdemona, I implore you, captain Tempest," cried Flora. "Restore me! oh! restore me to my best beloved Hurricane!"

"My sweet angel!" said captain Tempest, "be not uneasy. You will soon forget your husband.—These things are trifles in war-time."

'Oh! no! oh! no!" exclaimed Flora. "Stop the ship! oh! stop the ship!"

"By Heaven!" said captain Tempest, "I must make a signal of distress. Get a gun ready on the forecastle!"

"All ready with the gun, sir!" cried the gunner.

"Fire away!"

The gun being fired, the seventy-four hauled up her courses, and backed her main-topsail, while the Desdemona hove in stays, and made a stretch under her quarter.

"Desdemona! ahoy!"

"Holloa!"

"My new passenger is distracted. She is crying for her lieutenant."

"Talk to her, Hurricane," said captain Brilliant.

"Flora?"

"My dear!"

"Then you don't like to sleep out of your hammock?"

"No, my dear!"

"Well, then, I'll go on board for you.—Jolly-boat boys! away!"

The jolly-boat was lowered down from the davits-abaft; lieutenant Hurricane went for his wife.—Again the people cheered, and again the two ships separated.

The passage of the Desdemona across the Atlantic was peculiarly favourable; and in a fortnight, after speaking the seventy-four, she made the Capes of Virginia, and sailed through those promontories, up the mighty bay of the Chesapeak.

The tide compelling them to let go an anchor, the ladies and officers went on shore in Gloucester Country. The corn-stalks bent under the clusters of the grain, and on this delicious food the party fed most luxuriously, enjoying, during their repast, the view of the frigate riding on the broad expanse of the bay.

The Virginians are hospitable. Their doors are always open to receive the stranger. Captain Brilliant and his lady, together with their friends, were invited to dine at the house of one Mr. Keith. The adventures of this gentleman among the American Indians, were not a little celebrated; and he politely acquiesced with the desire of the captain to give him his history.

The wife, who had shared his dangers, was sitting by his side, when he thus began his narrative:

CHAP. XIX.

THE STORY OF MR. KEITH'S CAPTIVITY AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

——Their attention gain'd with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation.—

Milton.

In the month of August, 1795, I proceeded down the Ohio river, in a large boat, with a young wife, to whom I had been married a twelvemonth, and a child of three months old, that she carried in her arms.

I was transporting my family and effects from Dog's Town to Fishing Creek,* where I had purchased a mill, which stood hard by the Falls.

We felt some little regret at leaving our old abode. There is a certain attachment to place and

things, by which a town, a house, or a tree, have an influence over the mind. Dog's Town is not an enviable place of residence; yet I doubt whether Baron Trenk left his dungeon without some degree of pensiveness.

Our feet clung to the threshold of the door of our old house. My wife gazed with wildness at the locust-tree, under whose shade she had so often sat with me, and listened to the mocking-bird's song; and I saw a tear fall from her eye upon the child that slept at her bosom.

A couple of negroes, Jack and Cuffey, rowed our canoe, and I undertook to steer her. Towards evening we had reached a broad part of the Ohio; the current ran strong in our favour; and there was less occasion for rowing, than to keep the canoe in the middle of the river.

The moon, in solemn majesty, was rising from the woods; the fire-fly was on the wing, and the banks of the Ohio echoed with the incessant and melancholy cry of the whip-poor-will.

"Mossa Keith!" cried the negro Cuffey, "something not aright. Something scare whip-poor-will. She cry like her mother that loose her pickniny."

I could not help smiling at the superstition of the fellow; but my wife drew nearer to me, and hugged the babe closer to her breast.

In a few minutes more, the most lamentable cries that ever were uttered assailed our ears. My wife screamed with affright, and the arms of the rowers were suspended.

I instantly put my fusil upon the whole cock, and kept the canoe in the middle of the stream, ordering at the same time the negroes to pull away.

I directed my eye towards the spot from whence the noise proceeded; and, being recovered from my emotion, could discern a white man kneeling on the bank of the river, supplicating me with every gesture and attitude that wretchedness could dictate, to take him into the boat.

I called to the men to lie upon their oars. The poor wretch repeated his cries. "Oh! take him on board!" exclaimed my wife, "his cries pierce my heart."

I steered towards the shore, and told the stranger to come on board.

"Alas!" faultered the man, "I have not strength left to move. For five days I have been without food, save now and then an acorn. Oh! leave me not to perish! but help me, I beseech you!"

I ordered the negroes to lift the man on board; but they had scarcely jumped on shore, when a dozen of Indians rushed from a wood, yelling out the most diabolical screeches and notes, and surrounded us in a twinkling.

The white man who had thus decoyed us ashore was a prisoner to the Indians, and was employed by them, under the penalty of death, to ensnare the incautious passenger down the river, by his piercing cries and lamentable exclamations. Two captives they had dispatched with their war-clubs for refusing to perform the office.

I was quickly disarmed by the Indians, and Cuffey, in his attempt to flee into the woods, was overtaken by a young war-captain, and tomahawked on the spot. Thus fell the best negro I ever owned, and for whom I had often refused three hundred dollars.

When the Indians had plundered the canoe of my effects, they wantonly set fire to her, and burned her to the water's edge. The canoe had cost me ninety dollars, and was almost without an equal.

Having loaded three horses with plunder, the Indians dragged us to their flying camp, about a mile in the woods, where we found several women and girls, stewing venison for supper in a loblolly-pot.

Perceiving the tenderness I felt towards my wife, they were under no fear that I should attempt to escape; but entertaining suspicions of negro Jack, they secured him during the night in a very effectual manner. They cut down a sapling the size of a man's thigh, and having made notches in it to re-

ceive the negro's legs, placed over each a pole, which they crossed with stakes driven on each side into the ground, and in the crotchets of the stakes they placed other poles, or rides. This confined the prisoner on his back; and, for their greater security, they put a thong of leather round his neck, and fastened it to a tree.

I made a bed for Fanny and myself, by strewing branches on the ground; and obtained, after much entreaty, a blanket for a covering. It may reasonably be expected, that in this melancholy condition sleep was a stranger to our eyelids.

The next morning the Indians painted my wife red and black, and Jack with the same colour; but I was smutted over with black only. By this mark I knew they had devoted me to death; but I carefully concealed my suspicions from my wife.

With the rising sun we jogged forward towards the mountains. The company consisted of twelve Indian warriors, six squaws, three boys of twelve years, five children in arms; my wife and her child, myself, negro Jack, and Richard Edwards, the white man, who had decoyed us on shore. To this group must be superadded the three horses, loaded with the plunder of my boat.

It was a beautiful sun-rising. All nature seemed refreshed, and the dew fell drop by drop from the trees of the forest.

Mr. Keith kills an Indian.

The wild turkeys were calling to each other from the lofty branches of the oak; the cardinal was expanding his golden plumage to the sun; the woodpecker was sticking his beak at the worms in the bark; and the mocking songster, with faint carol, was hailing the return of day.

We had not proceeded a mile, when an Indian picked up the scalp of a white man, which he presented to Namasket, the chief of the party.

I could perceive the roses fly the cheek of Fanny on beholding this spectacle.

Proceeding onward, I eased my wife of the child, and carried it myself. When it was froward the mother would take him and give him the breast.

One of the Indian women, who had no milk in her breast, wanted my wife to suckle her child. This I would not suffer. Upon which Squanto, the husband (the fellow who tomahawked Cuffey) was so incensed that he not only insulted Fanny, but filled the child's mouth with sand.

I could not contain myself: I snatched a tomahawk from the hands of an Indian who stood next to me, and called to Squanto to defend himself. He made a vigorous onset at me with his war-club. I evaded it by jumping on one side, and with the tomahawk I struck him a blow on the head, which instantly deprived him of life.

On seeing Squanto fall, several of the Indians discovered great rage, and approached to dispatch me. A mighty strife ensued among them: some would kill me; others would prevent it: and thus one Indian was striving with another.

Fanny had clung to me, determined to share my fate. I loved her with all the feelings of a man: and it was not without secret satisfaction, that I reflected, the immortal part of us would both visit the other world together. I therefore suffered her to cling to me, and called to the Indians:—*Tapoy! Tapoy! Pe quish'a con gau mowon! manitowwhi gau no mun isse e to ta!*—"Indians! Indians! Strike us all three, let us die together!"

The hand of our destiny interposed to save us. Namasket was disposed in our favour; in which disposition he was confirmed by the cries of a beautiful Indian girl, whom he had but very lately married.

His voice restrained the arms and fury of the Indians. A kind of debate was held: a grave was dug, the dead Indian interred, and a quantity of stones piled over the spot.

Pocasset was the girl who had interceded for us with the chief. She was the most beautiful Indian I ever saw—abounding in wild graces.

In the contention between the Indians, a circum-

stance happened, which, when they were restored to their reason, not a little disquieted them. My negro, watching the concurrence of opportunity, had taken to his heels; and no sooner was he missed, than the eye of every Indian flamed with indignation.

It was Namasket who regulated their motions. He dispatched six of his fleetest Indians to seek for the negro, in different directions, and halted with the rest under the shade of a cypress. The cypress is the loftiest of the American trees: on its top the eagle builds her nest, and the crane finds a resting-place.

The squaws now kindled a fire, and put some Indian corn down to roast. Of this delicious food Pocasset tendered some to Fanny; and they ran to a spring to fill a gourd with water for her.

Nor were these all her good offices. She spoke to Namasket, and obtained from him permission to intermix some red spots with the black that covered my face and arms.

In an hour, the Indians returned, but without having found negro Jack.

A profound gravity was now maintained among them for some minutes; when they jumped from the ground, on which they had formed a circle, and we prosecuted our journey.

Description of fire-hunting.

I secretly rejoiced that negro Jack had escaped the vigilance of the Indians. I could rely on the fellow's sense, fidelity, and zeal; and a vision of deliverance took possession of my fancy.

Towards night-fall, the Indians took up their lodgings in a deserted wigwam, covered with bark. Namasket and three others, then went out fire-hunting; which is worthy of being described.

Having set fire to the woods in a circular direction, the deer assembled instinctively in the middle, to avoid suffocation, puffing and blowing, and writhing their bodies. At length, oppressed with the increasing volumes of smoke, they hung down their heads, stood motionless, and fell an easy prey to the hunters, who beating out their brains, dragged them from the flames.

The party revelled on venison, before they lay down to rest; and I was glad to see Fanny eat with a good appetite.

Canes were lighted as an equivalent for candles: and an Indian boy was placed at the corner of the wigwam to keep watch. Every half hour it was his duty to shout, and to give more horror to the sound, he put his fingers between his lips. If the boy was remiss in making this clamour, an Indian immediately rose and pumelled him with his fist till he roared with anguish.

At breakfast the following morning, Namasket found something that amused him for an hour. I had taught him to open a tea-chest, that was among our goods in the boat, and his supreme delight was to lock and unlock it, wondering how such a slight turn of his hand could have such an effect on the lid and the chest.

Europeans may laugh at the amusement of this Indian, but are they more rationally employed? Look at the people of London and Philadelphia! To me these cities present nothing but nurseries, filled with children of large growth! the girls are busy in dressing dolls, and the boys in playing at chuck-farthing, or driving a hoop. All are frivolously employed; every thing is vain, puerile, fantastic; and the world resembles the shew-box of the vagrant savoyard.

We prosecuted our journey through spreading forests of oak and hickory, from whose stately trees a long and shining moss depended, as far as the eye could see. The woods rang with the loud and melodious note of the red-bird; and every where the wood-pecker was heard, though he could not be seen.

About noon we reached an Indian town, composed of a few huts; where we found the chief warrior on his death-bed.

The future hope of an Indian warrior.

Image to your mind the hoary chief, weighed down with years, indulging the retrospect of the enemies that had fallen into his hands, and triumphing over the recollection of the groans produced by the infliction of slow torture! His only heaven is the country beyond the hills; its highest pleasure, food without the toils of the chace. The grounds of his hope are the trophies of his cruelty. He points to the scalps that hang round his wigwam. He charges the youthful warrior to emulate his deeds, and revenge him of his enemies.

In this day's march Richard Edwards, in beating for game, had lost his way in the woods. He overtook us at the village, fatigued beyond description; and the Indians were much delighted at the perplexing situation he had been in.

This Edwards was a miserable fellow. The Indian lasses having scorned his addresses, he had married an old squaw, whose decrepit form was disgusting in the highest degree. He was good for nothing but to chop wood, light fires, and fetch water.*

* The North American Indians often adopt their captives in the room of those of their families who have been slain. The person adopted always holds, in their estimation, the merits and demerits of the deceased; nor can the most careful conduct overcome this prejudice.

The weather being very hot, and having no salt, our venison soon became putrid and full of maggots. Yet the Indians and Edwards ate of it without reserve. I should have mentioned, that on approaching the village, our Indians begun their customary whooping, to announce they were coming with prisoners. They issued a dismal yell, to denote that one of the party was slain; and sent forth two war-hoops, to proclaim they had brought home two captives.

On leaving the village, my wife's feet being sore with walking, Namasket mounted her upon one of the horses; and I now journied forward with a lighter heart.

We had hitherto kept towards the mountains; but the Indians being of opinion that they had sufficiently eluded pursuit, our party again bent their course towards the river Ohio.

On the evening of the third day, we fell in with a party of Indians, who were conducting a white planter and his negro slave, whom they had made captives, to their town.

It seems the master, in the insolence of prosperity, had exercised the whip of power over the back of the negro. This tyranny the negro had imparted to the Indians. The Indians, abhorring slavery, turned the tables on the white man. They told the

slave to flog his master. Sambo did not want to be conjured nor exhorted. To work the fellow went; and when we encountered the party, the planter was roaring like a bull-calf, under tho stripes of his slave.

Bidding farewell to these Indians, we travelled very hard that day, passing through several swamps, and crossing many brooks. We took up our night's lodging near a river that fell into the Ohio, where, after a poor meal, the Indians would have my wife to sing them a song. The song she sung them was a passage from the Psalms, which made her dearer to me than ever.—

"*By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down! Yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof! For they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth!*"

The emotions raised in my bosom by Fanny's affecting song soon gave place to others of a less tender nature. The Indian boys made a drum by covering a deep bowl with dear-skin, and began to beat it with a stick. Another boy accompanied this music with shaking a rattle made of a gourd, put on

a stick with small stones in it. The men set up a hideous howling, and the women began to dance, continuing their pastime till midnight, when they fell asleep.

On approaching the Ohio, the caution of the Indians returned. In extinguishing their fires they covered the ashes with leaves, that the white people might not trace them.

We now fared worse too than we had hitherto done. The Indians were afraid to kill game, lest the noise of the guns should alarm the white traveller; and we fed chiefly on squirrels, hedgehogs, and possums.

We encamped the next night at the falls of a small river. The Indian method of encamping is, to light a large fire, around which the party lie upon the grass, wrapped up in blankets, with their feet towards it.

I recollect, under every circumstance of time and place, the evening of our third day's journey. Not a cloud obscured the sun, disappearing among the forests of the west. A cooling air shook the foliage of the trees, and the shrill hissing of the locust* echoed from the oak.

* I never remember to have seen mention made of the locust by any traveller in America. It is by thus describing scenes with an

The Indians design to employ Mr. Keith as a decoy.

Fanny seemed to enjoy the scene. A smile of enchantment graced her cheek as she hung with maternal fondness over her babe: in her looks was placid resignation· and she seemed to hear the voice of God whispering consolation in the evening breeze.

Pursuing our journey, we came next to the Ohio. The Indians encamped in a wood near the river's bank, and held a consultation, of which I was the subject.

It was concerted that in the night, on the approach of a boat, I should run to the water, and practise the same arts used by Edwards, to decoy the passengers on shore; when the Indians were to rush from their hiding-place, and massacre the whole, without distinction to colour, age, or sex.

This project appeared to me so abominable, that I told Namasket I would suffer death rather than execute it. On hearing this the Indians laughed heartily, and told Edwards to get ready; promising him, in the event of a rich capture, to give him his liberty.

But the miserable jerry was, it seemed, under the dominion of the old squaw, his red wife: for

acute eye to every object of nature, that words become things, and the reader is converted to a spectator.

he made answer, that, having become an Indian by adoption, he abjured the white tribe, and preferred roving in the wilderness, to living in a town.

About ten at night, an Indian, who had been placed on the look-out, stole to our encampment, and acquainted his comrades that a boat, with several men and women on board was coming down the river.

On hearing this intelligence the colour of poor Fanny went and came, and a convulsive shudder seized her form. I bade her be composed, and remember that the protecting arm of the Almighty Power was extended through universal space to defend the good from the wicked.

At length we could hear the noise of the rowers. The Indians nodded to Edwards, who crawled to the bank of the river, and set up the most dismal cries that human lips could utter.

The people in the boat lay upon their oars.

"Take me! oh! take me on board," cried he. "Save a poor wretch from famine, and God will reward you all. For five days have I wandered through woods, wet with the dews of heaven, and clinging to the rock for want of a shelter."

A debate now arose in the boat, whether they should take him on board or not. Some were for the motion, others against it.

Edwards redoubled his lamentations and entreaties.

He was answered from the boat by a man in the New England dialect.

"I say, my friend!" cried the man, "if you ever come on board of this boat you must swim off to her. But I vow the boat shall not go to you. I guess you are an imposter. Butbe that as it may, I declare you will not easily trick Jonathan Oakes, who was educated at the college of Cambridge, in Massachusets, and who married a third cousin of Benjamin Franklin."

"I cannot swim," cried Edwards. "Nay, I have not strength to move."

"I will soon see that," cried the yankee. And so saying, he discharged a musket, loaded with small shot, over the head of the kneeling supplicant.

Edwards, on hearing the shot whiz by him, jumped from the ground, and ran precipitately from the river side.

A hearty laugh ensued among the people on board the boat.

"Yes, yes!" cried Jonathan, "I guessed I could give you a dose of my pills, that would soon restore your strength."

The boat now proceeded down the river, amidst the hootings of the boatmen, who called out con-

temptuously, "*Uke Tapoy?*" "Where are the Indians?"

During this scene the Indians lay so still, that not a leaf was heard to rustle. But when the boat was out of hearing, they rose in great wrath, and began to upbraid Edwards for not having practised his arts and stratagems effectually.

Edwards endeavoured to exculpate himself; but they would not hear his defence. They rose upon him with great fury, and began to beat him with their fists. The fellow roared with pain: and I know not how far the wrath of the Indians would have carried them, had not the old squaw interposed, and pulled away her husband from their chastisement.

Fearful of a pursuit, the Indians immediately broke up their camp, and took the path towards the mountains, travelling over large creeks, swamps, and rugged hills.

Fanny still rode the horse, and I walked by her side, carrying our child in my arms.

We had travelled about fifteen miles, when the Indians divided into two parties. Namasket continued his course with one division towards the interior: and the other Indians, five in number, again bent their way towards the Ohio, taking with them Edwards, my wife and her child, together with myself.

The party divide, and go different ways.

The names of the Indians of our party were, Sequassan, the chief; Matoona, his wife; Chillaback, Narraganset, and Arnmonoscoggin.

Sequassan had clad himself in a motley garb, half Indian and half English. He had on a waistcoat, breeches, shoes and a hat; but for a coat he wore a deer skin; and his long hair was tied up in a knot behind, somewhat in the fashion of a horse's tail.

It was with regret that Fanny separated from Pocasset, and I took a kind farewell of Namasket, who told me at parting, that he loved the whites, and would always befriend them.

Having taken a circuitous route, and being under no apprehension of alarm, the Indians again approached the Ohio.

They had not been encamped long, when a boat was heard at a distance. It was evening; the bat was wheeling his flight through the air, and the whip-poor-will was welcoming the approach of darkness.

The Indians kept close in a wood adjoining the river, and when the boat got abreast the spot, Edwards threw himself on his knees, and with uplifted hands accosted the rowers.

"Have pity!" cried he, "upon an unhappy forlorn wretch, who for nine long days has been wandering in these woods, without any shelter but the

canopy of heaven, and with scarce enough sustenance to support animal life. Oh! receive me or I perish!"

The supplicant was now answered by a man in the boat. "My friend," said he, "your condition touches my heart. I will take you on board."

The boat approached the shore.

Edwards, as it had been preconcerted, whistled when she touched the ground. The Indians rushed from their hiding-place, and made a vigorous onset against the whites. But how much were they deceived. The white people, prepared for their coming, met the assualt with such determined skill, firmness, and courage, that soon Sequassan fell, Chillaback gnawed the dust, Narraganset measured his length on the ground, and Arnmonoscoggin took to flight: while a boy of fourteen, boiling with rage, stepped up to Edwards, who was trying to escape, and knocked out his brains with one of the boat's stretchers.

At this moment, the triumph of the boat's crew was somewhat damped by the war-hoop of several Indian voices in the woods. I instantly conveyed my wife and child into the boat, and clamoured for a musket. A musket was put into my hand by one of the party, and I got ready to oppose the enemy with the rest.

Mr. Keith's history concluded.

"Stranger!" said the head of the party, "I love you for your courage; but let us not be indiscreet. The voices are numerous that come from the woods. We are only seven in number. Let us get into the boat, and gain the middle of the stream."

The advice was approved and followed. We gained the middle of the river, and lay on our oars. Nor had we been there a minute, when at least fifty Indians came running towards the bank, brandishing their arms, and uttering the war-hoop.

Fanny shrieked with affright. But we, levelling our pieces, gave them such a volley, that seven of them fell; and before we could repeat our fire, the rest ran back howling to the woods.

We now proceeded down the river, and I was landed by Mr. Thatcher, my deliverer, at the place of my destination.

It seems my negro, who had escaped from the party, had reached a party on the Ohio, and put the people on their guard against the tricks of the Indians. Mr. Thatcher had heard of my captivity, and longed to be the instrument of my emancipation. Hence the vigour with which he received the assault of the Indians, and their total discomfiture.

Such was the r [illegible] e of Mr. Keith, which fixed

the attention of his audience, by shewing, in strong colours, how guilt was punished, and dismissing to happiness the pair for whom their passion and reason were equally interested.

CHAP. XX.

Now English hearts with noble fires glow,
To point the guns and grapple with the foe.

Anon.

THE first enquiry made by captain Brilliant related to the naval force of the enemy, in that part of the world; and to his satisfaction, he learned there was a frigate of superior force to his own lying at that time in Hampton Roads.

The same afternoon a pilot-boat passed the Desdemona, which the captain hailed.

"Do you know that frigate in Hampton Roads?"

"Yes! I carried her in. She is the finest ship that ever yet fought her guns upon one deck. She has fourteen ports of a side, and carries eighteen-pounders. A warm ship. She shows her teeth bravely."

Comparative force of the two ships.

"Huzza! beauty!" cried captain Brilliant.—"There will be some honour for us to engage her. My little Desdemona has only thirteen ports of a side, and only carries twelves; yet I am of opinion we could hammer the dust out of her."

"My dear Brilliant," said Cassandra, "I trust you only jest. Your country expects from you courage, but not rashness."

"Make yourself easy, Cassandra," returned the captain: "with the ship's company I command there would be no rashness in bringing the largest French frigate to action that ever swam salt water."

Cassandra sighed mournfully.

"Mrs. Hurricane," resumed Brilliant, "do you not wish to be the wife of a master and commander?"

"I am very content with my present husband, sir," replied Flora.

"Yes," rejoined the captain; "but if we take this frigate, your husband will be promoted."

The next day, captain Brilliant worked his ship into Hampton Roads, where he found the Republican frigate lying at anchor, all a-taunt-o, that is, ready for sea. He brought up his ship in grand style, furling sails with an expedition scarcely to be conceived, and squaring his yards with the nicest precision.

The pilot had not made use of any hyperbolical amplification, when he described the French frigate. She was, indeed, the finest ship that ever fought her guns upon one deck.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJAH SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. XXI.

Come all my jolly sailors bold!
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold:
Huzza! to the Desdemona!

Sea Song.

Be ever memorable the morning of January the first, 1801, which heaped fresh honours on the sons of Britannia! Oh! fleeting Time! scatter, if thou wilt, the rest of these pages to the winds of heaven; but let that be sacred which records the achievements of Neptune's legitimate children!

At eight o'clock both ships crossed their top-gallant yards: and in somewhat more than half an hour, the boatswain on board the French frigate piped the hands aloft to weigh anchor, and her fore-topsail was loosened, as a signal for sailing.

Captain Brilliant lost no time to do the same. His fore-topsail was in a moment cast loose from the yard; the capstern bars were manned, the cat-

fall over-hauled down; and as a kind of challenge, the tompions were taken out of the main-deck guns.

The French frigate had now weighed, and stood out of the bay, with her jack, ensign, and pendant flying; nor did an interval of a minute elapse before the anchor of the Desdemona was hove up to the bow, and sail made on the ship.

No sooner had both ships gained an offing, than the French frigate hauled up her foresail, took in her topgallant-sails, and hove too for the Desdemona; whose inferiority of sailing was manifest, and who was crouding every stitch of canvass to come within gunshot of her opponent. Upon which captain Brilliant took in his royals, and his ship's company manning the shrouds, gave three hearty cheers.

But before we enter the scene of combat let us contemplate one of a more tender nature.

I behold Cassandra descending to the cockpit, supported by her husband, her eyes streaming in tears, and her hair dishevelled. I behold jealousy giving way to love in the bosom of Flora, and anger surpassed by solicitude for her lieutenant. But neither the mournful distraction of Cassandra, nor the apprehensions of Flora, can withhold their lovers from the quarter-deck of battle.

The men, fore and aft, were now at their quarters, and captain Brilliant, looking over the break of the quarter-deck, vociferated to them through his speaking-trumpet:

"Stand by, my boys!"

"All ready!" was the reply.

Upon which our hero ran up alongside the French frigate; and, calling to his people, "Fire away!" they discharged their broadside, which was returned by the enemy before the sound was out of the Desdemona's guns.

The action thus begun, was continued on board the Desdemona, with that cool intrepidity which is the distinguished characteristic of British seamen; and captain Brilliant discovered that he was both a sailor and an officer, for he both worked and fought his own ship.

And on the quarter-deck of glory were to be seen, the master anticipating the orders of the captain; the marine officer firing his division over the quarter; and lieutenant Hurricane calling to the men at the quarter-deck guns and carronades, "Keep yourselves cool, my lads! Mind the heave of the sea! Now, strike it into her!"

The two ships had now got close to each other, exchanging their compliments yard-arm and yard-arm; a practice introduced by Benbow, and revived by Anson.

At this period, the hammocks in the quarter-deck nettings of the Desdemona caught fire, from a wad of the enemy; upon which young Echo, of whom we have before spoken, jumped from his gun, and lugging out his knife, cut them away overboard.

"Bravo! Echo!" exclaimed captain Brilliant—but before he could utter more, an eighteen-pound shot tore up the bulwark, and made the splinters fly in every direction; laying flat on the deck, some on their backs and some on their faces, the following officers and men:—

Robert Soundings, master.
Francis Easy, the marine officer.
Thomas Wilson, quarter-master.
John Pearce, captain of the after-guard.
Hugh Vincent, ordinary seaman. And
Mars Mattocks, a marine.

"Jump here! bear a hand!" vociferated lieutenant Hurricane, "and carry Mr. Soundings into the cockpit. A blasted shot that! Messmate, are you much wounded?"

"I fear," faultered the master, "my grog is stopped."

"And how are you, my dear Easy?" said Hurricane.

"I feel," replied the marine officer, "I shall have to capitulate! Death has already put his storming-

ladder to my soul! I die! I die! My God! my God!"

"Are you much hurt, Pearce?" inquired Hurricane.

"Yes, sir,' replied the captain of the afterguard, "that shot cut away my lifelines! My soul is unreeving! O Peggy! Peggy! My wife! my dear wife!"

About this period the colours of the enemy disappeared.

"She has struck!" cried an Irish landsman in the waist.

"Struck!" retorted captain Brilliant. "By heaven! you may strike first yet. Does she slacken fire? Is it the guns or the colours you judge by?"

The captain had scarce finished speaking when a a new pair of colours were hoisted by the enemy. Her ensign had been shot away.

A sailor from each of the quarter-deck guns had now left his station, to carry the wounded down into the cockpit; and a couple of stout lads had got hold of the master, whom they were lugging to the hatchway.

"Avast there!" cried captain Brilliant, "with the master. He has struck! The soul of as good a seaman as ever took hold of the helm of a vessel is gone aloft to heaven!"

Jump to the marine officer!" cried lieutenant Hurricane.

"By ——!" said captain Brilliant, "it is of no use. The marine officer has resigned his commission. Look to Pearce, the captain of the after-guard. How is it with him?"

"He is gone, sir," replied lieutenant Hurricane, "upon the same tack as the marine officer. He has answered the muster of death."

At this juncture a crash was heard in the main-deck, which was followed by doleful groans.

"Jump, Mr. Echo," said the captain, "into the waist; the Frenchman's shot is playing at hell and and turn-up-jack there!"

The midshipman soon returned.

"A shot, sir," said Mr. Echo, "has dismounted one of the midship guns, killed the third lieutenant, and wounded almost every man at the gun."

"What!" cried lieutenant Hurricane, "has death dropped the peak of my messmate, poor Balcony!"

"Huzza! my sons!" cried captain Brilliant to the people at the main-deck guns. "Beauty! that's the fire!"

The exhortations of captain Brilliant were interrupted by the carpenter. He came upon deck to acquaint the captain that the enemy's shot had taken such effect, that there were several feet water in

the well; and that if even recourse were had to the pumps, it would be impracticable to keep the ship half an hour above water.

"Be it so, Mr. Chips," said the captain. "But, hark you! say not a word about the matter. I will soon have a clear well."

The two frigates were now so close alongside of one another, that their yard-arms were mutually locked by their rigging.

"Hurricane," cried captain Brilliant, "I will board the Frenchman in the smoke. Hark you, call the boarders. I will put myself at their head. In the mean time, be ready yourself to follow me with a fresh gang of volunteers."

The boarders now assembled to the amount of seventy; men equal to any heroic enterprize; men who would have gone through flames, had their duty imposed on them the task. They were armed with cutlasses and pistols.

"Are you ready, my sons?" cried captain Brilliant.

"All ready, sir!" was the reply.

"Then follow me!" cried the hero.

Captain Brilliant now boarded the enemy's ship, followed by his men, who were all contending for the honour of fighting by his side.

The French officers and sailors collected to op-

pose the assailants. But such was the discipline, such the intrepidity of the British tars, that resistance was of no avail. Brilliant, with his troop of boarders, made their way through a host of enemies. The first lieutenanf followed in succnssion with volunteers from the ship's company; and the Desdemona, like the fabled horse of Troy, poured out heroes from her womb!

The Frenchmen called for quarter. But before they had made the supplication, young Echo had got aft and hauled down their colours.

The sailors now filled the air with acclamations of triumph; the surviving officers shook hands with each other; and no time was lost in securing the prisoners.

"Hurricane!" said captain Brilliant, "step on board the Desdemona, and see how the women come on. I begin now to think of my wife."

"Aye, aye! sir!" cried the lieutenant.

Let us now turn our eyes from the quarter-deck of battle to a scene of a softer nature. Let us contemplate Flora, leaning on the shoulder of her cherishing lieutenant; and Cassandra, with eager eye and panting bosom, seeking for her lord. Behold these tender and faithful spirits meet. Behold Cassandra stepping over the mangled bodies of the slain! Behold her flying to the warm embrace of her husband!

"My dear, dear Brilliant!" faultered Cassandra.

Brilliant made no reply; but his heart glowed within him as he pressed his fair bride to his breast, who fainted in his arms.

And now the cry was, that the Desdemona was going down. She was, in fact, literally sinking; and the French frigate had not been disentangled fifteen minutes from her, before she went down.

Mr. Taffarel, young Echo, and about a dozen other excellent swimmers, kept on board the Desdemona to the last, busied in cutting loose her boats and the spars they were stowed on. By which means the barge, and several spare topmasts were saved.

And presently was to be seen this adventurous gang jumping from the Desdemona into the sea, and cleaving the waves with the lusty strokes of their arms, to escape being swallowed up in the vortex of the sinking wreck.

CHAP. XXII.

For England when with favouring gale.

Dibdin.

The name of the captured frigate was Le Fripon, mounting forty-two guns, and carrying four hundred and fifty men. Captain Brilliant having consigned the bodies of his slaughtered foes to the bosom of the ocean, made sail upon her, and shaped his course again for Hampton Roads, where he repaired the damages she had sustained.

The prisoners were now landed; and Mr. Echo, who had so conspicuously distinguished himself on the deck of glory, was made lieutenant in the place of the one who had been slain. Thus the shot that levels one man, elevates another.

Captain Brilliant continued to cruise three months off the Capes of Virginia, when he again sailed for England; having his brows entwined both with heroic and domestic laurels; for he had not only triumphed in battle with the foe, but made an

achievement of a more delicious warfare. I will not romantically assert, that Cassandra was growing more lovely to the sight, but she was every day getting bigger: and that shape, which was once distinguished for its being small by degrees, and beautifully less, had now no pretensions to spiral tenuity.

Nor was Mrs. Hurricane without an accession to her size. In fact, she had swollen to such a magnitude, that, to appropriate the words of her husband, she measured in circumference more than the mainmast.

"Bravo!" Brilliant would say,

"The captain's lady
Is always ready
To go a cruise!"

"Do I not, my dear Brilliant," said Cassandra, "make a very good sailor?"

"Yes; but you must not keep abaft."

"Why so?"

"Why, because you will bring the ship down by the stern."

In this manner would the captain rally his fair spouse, who was now sufficiently mistress of the vocabulary of a ship to know what he would be at.

Indeed, the novels which both Cassandra and Flora had brought on board, were neglected for Falconer's Marine Dictionary; which, from being sailor's wives, they studied with enthusiasm.

CHAP. XXIII.

'Twas night, and nothing but the wild expanse
Of ocean, deep and dismal, now appeared
On all sides round; and firmament hung full
Of stars, that with a flood of glory glar'd
Upon the night, and made nocturnal day.
The solitary vessel sweep'd along
The graceful-rolling wave; whilst the pale moon,
Sole queen of silence, gilds the vast profound.
And thus the lover, gazing on his bride,
Beguil'd the welcome hours.

Skeene.

IT was the time of the full moon, when our noble sea-officers approached their native land, and towards night many of the sailors affirmed, that they could smell the coal-fire of John English.

But this was a mistake: for captain Brilliant, by keeping in an easterly direction, hugged the French coast, in the hope that he should also hug a few French merchantmen.

It was ten at night. The full moon was reflected from the deep, and the ship with graceful motion

was breasting the lofty surge! Lieutenant Echo had the watch; and the helmsman responded to the cry of the quarter-master, who, looking at his compass, called, "Steady along! Steady!"

Mr. Hurricane and his wife, if I may so express myself, had turned in; but captain Brilliant was leaning with Cassandra over the quarter, enjoying the solemn beauty of the scene before them.

Lieutenant Echo (I love to call him by his new title) was walking the deck, in company with Mr. Gale, one of his late messmates. Lieutenant Echo had derived some consequence from the accession of his lapels; and though not confirmed, he looked upon himself as a lieutenant, which was just the same thing. But his former companions would not acknowledge his title in private. They called him Acting Dickey; in fact, they asserted he was only half a luff tackle.

"Is that young gentleman," said Cassandra, pointing to Mr. Echo, "the person who fought so gallantly in the action?"

"He is, my dear," replied Brilliant.

"Has he a mother or a sister, my love?"

"No, my dear."

Oh! if he had, how their hearts would be rejoiced."

Let me be pardoned for making the captain and his lady couple love and dear in their colloquy of the night. More real conjugal affection will be found within the confines of a ship, than the precincts of a house. A ship has never any fashionable couple who require separate beds; but Jack and his wife are always content to swing together in one hammock.

" A sail, hoa !" vociferated a fellow in the forecastle.

Lieutenant Echo danced forward.

" Three sail right a-head !" exclaimed the young lieutenant.

" Steady so, then !" cried captain Brilliant. " Get a gun ready forward there."

" Aye, aye ! sir !" replied Mr. Echo, seizing a handspike to point one of the bow guns, which the captain of the forecastle cast loose. Young Gale jumped below for a match.

" All ready with the gun, sir !" vociferated Mr. Echo.

" Good God !" cried Cassandra. " In pity what is all this ! Oh, do not fire !"

" Keep all fast there !" said the captain. " My wife will miss stays."

The captain had now got his night-glass upon deck, and was surveying the three vessels. They

were evidently merchantmen. It was time to shorten sail; the frigate was coming up with the strange ships hand over hand. The top-gallant-sails were therefore clued up, and people stood ready to back the main-top-sail.

In a few minutes the Fripon got into the midst of the vessels.

"Hoa! The ship ahoy! Hoa! hoa!" &c.

They were three large ships, deeply laden, from St. Domingo. Joyful was the news. The boatswain's mate piped the ship's company up.

"All hands to take possession of the prizes ahoy!"

Lieutenant Hurricane left the arms of his wife, and ran upon deck half dressed.

"See what luck I always bring in my watch," said Echo.

"So I think I heard you say," returned Hurricane.

"Shall we toss the boats, sir," said Mr. Hurricane.

"Certainly," replied the captain.

"Up there! topmen!" cried Mr. Hurricane, "and clap on the yard tackles. Get the stays to pass there! Where is the after-guard! Stretch along your tackle-fall here!"

And now came Flora upon the deck; her long

dark hair floating luxuriantly down her back, and waving its ringlets to the breeze of the night.

"My dear Hurricane," said she, "what made you leave me? I am sure you have every convenience in your cabin, without being obliged to go upon deck."

"My dear," said the lieutenant, "we have taken three French merchantmen. Our fortune is made. You will have to go prize-master of one of them.—Get up, therefore, your chart of the Channel, and stand by to go in the boat."

"Indeed though I shan't. I won't leave you."

The boats were now tossed out; the prizes were taken possession of; and onwards they jogged, accompanied by Le Fripon, who, with her topsails on the cap, went three feet to their one.

"To heave the lead the seamen sprung."

CHAP. XXIV.

Great Jove!
Oh, swell his sails with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless the bay with his tall ship.

Shakespeare.

THE ships having altered their course, it was judged prudent at daylight to try for soundings.—The frigate was hove to.

"The line," said a lieutenant, "is passed along!"

"All ready with the lead!"

"Heave away!" cried Mr. Hurricane.

"Watch there! Watch!" vociferated the seamen in succession.

They got round with ninety fathoms. The vessels filled. The Start Point was made at an early hour in the morning, and the wind blowing strong, from the westward, they were wafted with rapidity up channel.

"We go extremely fast," said Cassandra. "Is not the wind very fair?"

"It is too fair, my dear," replied the captain. "I know not on which side to carry my spanker boom."

The Fripon sailed into Spithead with the British colours flying over French, and was cheered by the men-of-war that were lying at anchor.

The letter of captain Brilliant, which described his action, had been received at the Admiralty by the Norfolk Packet. It was short. True valour delights more in action than in words.

Sir,

I have the honour to acquaint you, that on January 1, 1801, I worked his Majesty's ship the Desdemona out of Chesapeak Bay, in company with the republican French frigate Le Fripon; and having gained a sufficient offing to come to battle, we commenced close action; when the superior metal of the enemy caused the Desdemona to make so much water, that the carpenter informed me the ship was going down. Upon hearing this, I called my boarders and carried the enemy in the smoke. Every officer, seaman, and marine, did their duty.

I regret the loss of Sam. Soundings, master; Thomas Balcony, third lieutenant; and Evelyne Easy, officer of marines; together with seven seamen killed.

I am, &c.

BRYAN BRILLIANT.

And now the heart of Cassandra beat with tenfold joy; first, that she was restored to her native land; and secondly, because a peace was impending between England and France.

The report was true. The Fripon had not been five days at Spithead, when peace was proclaimed, and her officers and men paid off.

"It is too fair, my dear," replied the captain. "I know not on which side to carry my spanker boom."

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nant Echo, to whom he was attached from the noblest sentiment.

"Here are excellent apartments, Hurricane," said he. "Here we may sleep with our wives, and be under no fear of bringing our anchors home."

"Right, sir," replied Hurricane.

"And I say," resumed the captain, "if it is a son that you have laid down the keel of, what will you call him?"

"I will name him after you, sir. I will call him Bryan Brilliant Hurricane."

"Bravo!" said the captain. "But our wives are both thieves."

"Thieves!" exclaimed the ladies.

"Yes," rejoined the captain. "You are come on shore with half a dozen purser's bread-bags under your aprons."

"My wife," said Hurricane, "looms like Beachy Head."

"And my wife," answered the captain, "looms like Beachy Head in a fog."

And here they both laughed heartily in concert.

In a short time more, the Fripon's prize-money was paid. It amounted to a large sum. It was sufficient to enable our three heroes to pass the rest of their lives in affluence; and as it was earned in the defence of their king and country, I am persuaded

that none of my readers will envy them their wealth.

Captain Brilliant left Mr. Hurricane to protect the ladies; and, accompanied by young Echo, proceeded to town, to the house of his agent, calling first at the Admiralty.

CHAP. XXVI.

Love through the world maintains resistless sway;
Love conquers all, and Love we must obey.

Virgil.

WHEN captain Brilliant had transacted his official business, he called on Mr. Million, the banker, with an order for some money. I cannot be exact with regard to the sum.

Mr. Million received our hero with particular attention, and expressed his wish to have the honour of the gallant captain's and the lieutenant's company that day at dinner. Brilliant accepted the invitation; and at four o'clock was put down, with Mr. Echo, from a coach at the door of the banker's house.

"Captain Brilliant was shewn into the drawing-room, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Million, the two Miss Millions, and a young lady, their cousin, assembled to receive him; together with Sir Jacob Stockfish, the Rev. Mr. Cringewell, and the Earl of Bolton.

Cupid whets his arrows.

Of the young ladies, all were comely; but Miss Spa bore the bell. Her fine flaxen hair was elegantly turned above her head, and the ribbon which bound her tresses, was lost in their profusion. Her eyes were of a languishing blue; her lips full and ripe; her neck boded every symmetry; and her waist was gracefully slender. There was a dash of melancholy in her countenance, which became it more than smiles. It denoted a vacancy of heart, the want of some one object, some transported lover, on whom to fix her affections.

"You have never seen my son Cæsar?" said Mr. Million, addressing the captain.

"I never had that honour, sir."

"He is a fine youth. He was educated at Harrow, and did once know Greek and Latin; but he is now, ha! ha! ha! quite the military man. He is ensign of a volunteer corps. It would do you good to see him go through his manual and platoon exercise.

Captain Brilliant bowed.

"Between you and me and the post, he has recruited lately to some purpose; he has enlisted the heart (whispering) of Miss Spa, the young lady who sits next to my eldest daughter. It was his red

coat did this. Women, like mackarel (raising his voice) ha! ha! ha! are caught with a red bait."

"True, sir," said captain Brilliant. "The blue jackets stand no chance."

Sophonisba (Miss Spa) reddened. It was a blush of inconstancy. Before the red coat of Cæsar (which had transformed him from the Thersites into an Achilles) made Sophonisba's little heart flutter when he approached her; but from the moment the young lieutenant entered the room, all her love for the volunteer vanished, as though it had been by the stroke of an enchanter's wand.

In a few minutes more a servant announced at the door that ensign Cæsar was returned from being reviewed by sir Tottenham Turnstile, which gave immediate rise to the tenderest exclamations.

Mrs. Million.—Mary! Mary! Make haste with the calf's-foot jelly! Cæsar is come.

Mary.—Mamma! it is not ready yet.

Mrs. Million.—Not ready! Alas! Alas! My poor boy will be laid up again! He must be exhausted with marching! Tell John to run over to Pattypan's and get a fresh custard! My poor Cæsar! I know his state! His ambition always makes him over-march himself.

And now entered ensign Cæsar, accompanied by captain Shank. Two such men of war! They

held themselves perfectly upright, neither inclining to the right nor left, the shoulders square and kept back, the breast advanced, the flat of the hands touching the thighs, the toes turned out; and they marched to ordinary time, keeping themselves dressed in a line, and both scrupulously observing the same length of pace.

At length captain Shank vociferated, "Halt!" when these warriors stopped and bowed to the company.

Captain Shank approached Miss Million, and Cæsar threw himself into a chair, crossing his arms, and affecting to sleep.

Mrs. Million.—My dear boy! you have over-marched yourself. The jelly is not ready; but I have dispatched John for a custard.

Cæsar.—(his eyes shut)—"Rear rank take close order! March! Make ready! Present! Fire!"

"Cæsar!" said Mrs. Million, "you will frighten the ladies with your war-hoop. Sophonisba trembles like a leaf."

"Psha!" cried Cæsar. "Sophonisba would soon let off a gun! Make ready! Present! Fire! Shank, was not our review noble?"

"Sublime! oh! sublime!" cried captain Shank. "But I am hoarse with giving the word of command. Battalion, wheel back into open column

The right in front! Countermarch by files! Right face! March! Officers, dress your companies! Mr. Million! Eyes right! Look less at the girls, and more at your men."

"You be d—d!" cried Cæsar. "Go to drill! Go to drill! Don't you quiz an old soldier!"

"Old soldier!" cried captain Shank. "Why! powder and ball! I am twelve years older than you, and I have carried arms from my infancy!—My ears have ever been familiar with the rattling drum, and the piercing fife. When a child, I panted for the musket; and when an apprentice, after shop-shutting, I learned the manual exercise of our porter, who had been a corporal in the militia. Cæsar! traduce me not. Calumniate me not. Spare, spare your insinuation."

The footman now came to announce that dinner was on the table; each gentleman seized a lady.—Captain Shank gave his hand to the eldest Miss Million; the earl of Bolton tendered his to the sister, and captain Brilliant took the hand of Sophonisba: her military gallant withholding his escort.

When the company were seated, Cæsar entered the room, and seemed disposed to take his seat at the end of the table; but his mother, worthy woman! thought carving would fatigue him, and made him sit next to her, that he might enjoy the

benefit of the fire. Cæsar had marched from the Exchange to Hyde Park, and back again that day.

The dinner passed away after the usual routine. Each brought a good appetite; and Mr. Million and sir Jacob rolled their white eyes, and shook the green fat of their dew-lapped visages, as they guttled down the callipash and callipee of a turtle.

All ate heartily but one, and that was Sophonisba.

"Sophonisba! child," exclaimed Mrs. Million, "you eat like a sparrow! Don't grieve yourself about Cæsar! He is pale only from over-marching himself. Let me give you this wing."

"Indeed, madam," said Sophonisba, "I have no appetite whatever."

"Ha!" cried Mr. Million, with a profound look, "I remember that about this time thirty years—it was in my courtship—my wife could not eat. She lived entirely on love. Cæsar! thou art a type of thy father; thou canst make an impression!"

Here the old man laughed heartily at his own penetration. Laughing is contagious. "Ha! ha!" laughed the earl; "Ha! ha!" reiterated the knight; Ha! ha!" roared captain Shank.

And had the God of love inspired Sophonisba with a passion for Cæsar? The God of heaven forbid! No! it was the person, the speech, the manners of the young naval hero, that deprived the

nymph of her appetite: it was lieutenant Echo who had lighted up a flame in her breast, that the ocean could not extinguish.

Lieutenant Echo sat at table between Mrs. Million and Sophonisba.

"Were you in the action, sir," said the good lady, "with captain Brilliant?"

"Yes, madam."

"And I dare affirm," said Mr. Million, "the young man did honour to the wooden walls?"

"He did," observed captain Brilliant. "He saved the ship from catching fire, by cutting the hammocks overboard on the quarter-deck. He was among the foremost in boarding the enemy's frigate: he fought full an hour while smarting under his wounds; and it was not till he had hauled down the French colours with his own hands, that he thought of a surgeon."

"Noble!" said captain Shank. "My heart kindles at the recital! Oh! that I had been there!"

"It would have been hotter work," said Mr. Million, "than firing with blank cartridges." And he laughed heartily.

There is something so noble in courage, that no breast can refuse it homage; but it takes particularly with the softer sex, who look to man for pro-

tection. While captain Brilliant was pronouncing the panegyric of Mr. Echo, poor Sophonisba was overcome with emotion; her colour went and came; and she sighed pitiably, accompanying her sighs with side glances at the young naval hero.

At length the ladies withdrew, when the men sat round their coal fire, and indulged over their bottle; where I shall leave them, to follow the lovely fair ones.

CHAP. XXVII.

A sailor is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks.

Shakespeare.

SOPHONISBA took the first opportunity to steal to her chamber, where she could indulge, undisturbed, the emotions raised in her bosom by the young naval hero. He senses were bewildered; she leaned her glowing cheek upon her hand, and fetched a world of sighs. A miniature picture of Cæsar, dressed in a flaming red coat, lay on her toilet! but she beheld it with scorn, crying, "Faugh!" as she looked towards it.

The god of darts, or love, or whatever the reader pleases to call the tenderest of all passions embodied, was now fanning the flame he had lighted up in the bosom of Sophonisba. Her imagination became every moment more heated. And partly by meditating on the agreeable qualities that really be-

longed to the young lieutenant, and partly by fancying others, her mind was become so attached to him, that it could not be separated from the cherished object without pain or reluctance.

Captain Brilliant and lieutenant Echo were the first who retired from the parlour to the drawing-room, the citizens chusing to protract their drinking-bout.

The ladies had not yet descended from their respective chambers; the captain could, therefore, commune unheard with his young lieutenant.

"Hark you, Echo! If you don't make your fortune in less than a week, 'tis your own fault.—You are a likely young fellow, and if Sopha—Sophonisba (her name is as long as the fore-top-bowline) is not in love with you, there are no snakes in Virginia."

"Say you so, sir?"

"It is the case, by all that's true! She could not keep her eyes off you at dinner. She looked Cupids at you! I could see her heart move up and down like a brig's boom in a calm; and when I told the tough story about your courage, the poor girl changed colour in the face like a dolphin."

"She's a pretty creature, sir! I know she has given me the heart-ache! Such top-lights! Such cat-heads! Such a clean run from stem to stern! I

could fight the devil to get spliced to her! I would battle the watch with fifty of her lobster lovers."

"Hark you! we are all going to the play. You range up along-side of her, and talk to her like a sailor-man."

"I am a bad hand at fine speeches along-side of a modest girl. Amongst the blowings at the Hay-market, or about Covent-garden, I have more impudence than a highwayman; but a modest girl always heaves me aback, and I make stern way."

"Damnation! I thought you had read lord Chesterfield! I am sure you had it in your birth."

"No, sir; it belonged to the boatswain."

"Well, no matter. You lose no opportunity to board Sophonisba. Board her with sugar-plum phrases. Call her your angel!—you darling!—your box of diamonds!—Swear you adore her!—swear by your commission!—swear by the god of war."

"I will, sir; I will."

"And squeeze her hand. But squeeze it gently—for your hand is hard—it may make her sing out."

"My hand, sir, is as hard as a three-inch plank!"

"No matter! It is the hand of a man! the hand of a sailor! Women love hard hands! They love a fist that can give a knock-down blow in their defence. And it is not expected from a sailor to have worn chicken-skin gloves. Fear nothing! Stretch out! Huzza! with the bow!"

At this juncture Sophonisba entered the room, on light fantastic toe; but she seemed somewhat confused at meeting the captain and his young lieutenant.

Brilliant rose, and seizing the hand of Sophonisba, led her to a chair near the fire. He then seated himself next her.

"Good God!" cried he, "how lovely you look! I thought my wife handsome; but you! you are a goddess! Oh! that I were single! Cæsar should die!"

"Dear me, eaptain, I hope you would not kill poor Cæsar!"

"Poor Cæsar! (eyeing her archly) a very proper epithet. But seriously (whispering) do you care for him a stiver?"

"Indeed, captain, I do!"

"You do! I say, Sophonisba, you may tell that to the marines, but, God forgive my swearing! may I be d—d if the sailors will believe it."

"O fie! captain!"

"But this backing and filling is nonsense. I say, my angel! be not captivated with the colour of a coat, but the merit of him who wears it. Now, there stands a youth before you! a blue jacket; who is neither wanting in merit or accomplishments. He will fight like a Trojan, and can work

a ship like a sailor. He did not crawl on board through the cabin windows; he came in at the bows. Let me woo for him I am his friend."

"I have somewhere read, captain, that

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore, all hearts in love use your own tongues!"

"Bravo! Echo! Speak up! Huzza! in the bow!"

"Madam—Miss—By my commission—by the god of love—the god of war—the god of heaven—your presence has given me the heart-ache!—and if that is not a symptom of true love, I don't know what point of the compass it lies!"

"Indeed, sir, I am much flattered."

"No, Miss! I know not how to flatter. I am not a soldier; I am a rough-knot. My box of diamonds! shall you go to-night to the play?"

"I fear not, sir. I must stay at home out of compliment to my cousin. Cæsar, you know, has over-marched himself."

"Then I will challenge Cæsar. By the merciful God! I will compel him to use his sword in earnest! For I do love nothing in the world so well as you!"

"Bravo! my lieutenant! Huzza! in the bow! Sophonisba, in pity calm his transports. Tell him your love is reciprocal."

"Oh! let me hide my face! It is."

"There's for you! Did you hear that, Echo? The sweet maid says it is reciprocal."

"Reciprocal!"

"Yes, reciprocal! Sophonisba, my lieutenant is not sentimental. He knows no such rope in the ship. Protest you love him in your heart."

"Oh! spare my blushes!"

"Protest it, or he'll go mad. His majesty's service will lose a gallant young officer."

"Well, then, I so love him with my heart, that none is left to protest."

"What say you, Echo?"

"Oh! seas and skies! I am so happy! I am made post! I am more! I feel myself an admiral!"

"Hush!" cried Sophonisba; "I hear the company on the stairs. Change! change the subject!"

"Indeed, madam," said Brilliant; "I am heartily of your opinion. They make a most soldierly appearance; they would do honour to a veteran corps. I could scarce wish finer men to serve with.

During this eulogium, the gentlemen entered the room, flushed with drinking respectively a bottle.

"Rear rank, there! take close order!" cried captain Shank. "Advance in line! File and charge in to the front. Form open columns of companies!"

Coffee succeeded; and during the regale, the naval gentlemen were invited to accompany the ladies to the theatre; but Cæsar still continuing *unwell*, Sophonisba could not, from delicacy, make one of the party; and Brilliant, apprized of it, declined the invitation, and took leave of the family with his young lieutenant.

CHAP. XXVIII.

He scorns the wanton's eye that lustful roves,
No nymph can move him but the girl he loves.

Author.

"Let this day," cried captain Brilliant, as he walked towards Temple-Bar, arm-in-arm with his lieutenant, "let the events of this day, Echo, be recorded in the log book of your life."

"Bestow your charity, my noble sea-officers," cried a one-legged sailor to our heroes. "Bestow your charity upon poor Jack, who is hove-to under a storm stay-sail!"

"Here, shipmate," cried Brilliant, "is half-a-crown for you."

"Here I come, sir," cried Jack, redoubling his agility, "here I crowd all the sail I have left."

"And there's another half-crown," said Echo.—"Luff, boy, luff! and catch it in your hat."

"God Almighty bless you both!" cried Jack. "I could tell you were seamen by the peak of your mizens. I might have begged of the red-jackets till all was blue again! Huzza! huzza! huzza!"

As our heroes passed along the Strand, they were accosted by a hundred gay ladies, who asked them if they were good-natured.

"Devil take me!" exclaimed Echo, "if I know which way my ship heads; but there is not a girl in the Strand that I would touch with my gloves on."

"That will do for the marines," said captain Brilliant.

"Last night, sir, at this hour, I would have steered into the midst of the grand fleet. I would in a very short time have brought some ship to action; but now I luff up, I bear away to keep clear of them."

"You are in love, Echo. Hoa! the Sophonisba ahoy!"

"I will send to-morrow for a tailor. I will bend a new suit of sails."

"In love, by all that's true!"

"I will *fumigate* my pocket-handkerchief with lavender and *bergamyhot*."

"In love, or I am not here!"

"I will improve myself in flute playing."

"In love, to a certainty!"
"I will have my hanger new mounted."
"In love there's no doubt!"
"I will have my teeth cleaned by a dentist."
"In love, as sure as the devil's in London!"

At Piccadilly these heroes took coach and proceeded to Chelsea; captain Brilliant sleeping the whole way, and Echo singing, as he looked towards the moon,

"I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy."

CHAP. XXIX.

Help, ho!—Lieutenant! Captain! Sir!
Help! masters, help!

Shakespeare.

At breakfast the next morning, the party were exceedingly merry at the recital given by captain Brilliant, and the confessions that the young lieutenant gave of his own heart.

"Why this," cried Hurricane, "will be as good for you as a Spanish war. Twenty thousand pounds! It beats Flora's *sack* of half joes."

"Indeed, Hurricane," said Flora, "I wish it had been more. But I hope you are content."

"Is the lady beautiful?" said Hurricane.

"Faith! she is," returned the captain. "Echo need never be in want of promotion while he has such a wife,"

"Fie! captain!" said Flora.

In a few days, Echo, who was impatient to obtain some tidings of Sophonisba, proposed that Hurricane should accompany him to town; and taking a boat at the stairs, they were rowed down the river. But they had not proceeded far, when they descried another boat before them, filled with ladies and gentlemen, whose head was turning in every direction, the sail flapping against the mast, and the females screaming with mournful distraction

"By the heavenly God!" exclaimed Echo, "I hear the voice of Sophonisba! Waterman! clap me alongside of that boat! Pull away! and be d——d to you!"

The breeze was freshening, the cries redoubled, and a youth who held the helm, was bawling for help. He was dressed in a red coat.

"A marine adrift upon a grating!" exclaimed Hurricane. "Oh! the Tom Bowers of a fellow! The wind right aft, and his boat yawning about like a dog in a fair! I'll be d——d too if his painter is not on fire!"

"Avast, there!" cried Echo to the Waterman; "way enough!" And he jumped from the wherry into the large boat, followed by Mr. Hurricane.

Mr. Echo grasped the tiller, Mr. Hurricane trimmed the sail, and in a moment the boat stemmed majestically the stream.

Every man to his station.'

"Harry!" cried Echo, to his brother lieutenant. "do steer the boat, while I support that lady."—And flying to Sophonisba, he took her in his arms.

"All is well, my box of diamonds!" whispered Echo.

"Oh! I'm so terrified!"

"Be not scared; you are safe with me."

"Am I?"

"Yes, indeed."

And so saying, he, unobserved by all but Hurricane, glued his lips to those of Sophonisba, who suffered him to riot in the intoxicating draught of pleasure.

"Bravo!" cried Hurricane. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull both together!"

The party was numerous. It consisted of the two Miss Millions, Sophonisba (*place aux dames*, and so I put them first) Cæsar Million, and captain Shank.

The soldiers had dismissed the boatmen, and for some time pulled at his oars; but weary with tugging, they hoisted the sail, and *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Hence their danger; hence the shrieks of the females; hence the petitions of Cæsar for help.

How unlike the Cæsar of antiquity, who called to his terrified boatman, *Quid times? Cæsarum vehis! et fortunam Cæsaris!**

The boat being lighted, lieutenant Hurricane went to the assistance of the eldest Miss Million, who was either fainting, or affecting to faint; while Mr. Echo still folded Sophonisba in his arms, who reclined her head on his shoulder, as if still imploring the succour of her lover.

Cæsar had again taken the helm, and again the boat was up in the wind; the sail flapped against the mast, the girls screamed, and the lap-dog of Miss Million joined his bark in the uproar.

"Jump, Harry!" cried Echo, "and put the helm up."

"My helm," rejoined Hurricane, "is already hard up!"—Miss Million had recovered, and had caught lieutenant Hurricane for safety round the middle.

"Go, sweet!" whispered Sophonisba to young Echo; "go and direct the boat I beseech you!"

"Come, then, and sit next me?"

"I will."

Echo now put the boat's head aright, not keep-

* I forget who records this anecdote, but it was either Sallust, or Tully, or Paterculus.

ing his eyes off Sophonisba, who had taken a seat next him, and whom he encircled round the waist with his disengaged arm.

Cæsar could not conceal his pique. "You need not, sir, give yourself any trouble with *that there* lady. She is engaged, sir, to me. She is under my protection, sir, I say."

"Your protection! Do you carry top or cross-trees above your lower-mast-heads?"

"I do not understand your sea terms. I am (laying his hand on his heart) I am a military man!"

"So am I, by G— !" cried captain Shank, rising and hectoring.

"Then," said lieutenant Echo, "there is a pair of you."

"I am a soldier!" responded Shank.

"So am I!" cried Cæsar.

"I am a sailor!" vociferated Echo.

"So am I!" bawled Hurricane.

"Say no more, now, Cæsar," cried Shank, "before the women. We shall find a time. Slugs in a sawpit! Death before dishonour!"

"Don't you bother old sailors!" said Echo. "Miss Sophonisba, you may perceive, will sit next me."

"Will you, Sophonisba?" said Cæsar.

"I must, cousin," replied the nymph, "out o gratitude."

"What deceit!" cried Cæsar. "Did you not tell me there was something enchanting in a red coat, madam?"

"I did, sir. But I still might have thought a blue coat divine!"

Cæsar bit his lip, and whispered Shank in the ear.

"Huzza! Tom!" cried Hurricane. "She is your wife, my sea-officer! Blow my good breeze! Land us on the sod! I will go myself for a chaplain, and get you both spliced, before the guardship at Spithead shall fire her evening gun!"

The party land.

CHAP. XXX.

Vain prattle,
Horrible stuff! with epithets of war.
Shakespeare.

It happened that at the place where Mr. Echo landed the party, captain Brilliant had come for a stroll with Cassandra and Flora.

"Faith!" exclaimed the captain, "the Miss Millions and Miss Spa! Ladies, your humble servant. Ensign Cæsar, how do you do? Captain Shank, I am glad to see you.

"Captain," cried Cæsar, "*that there* young midshipman of yours"——

"Midshipman! roared Hurricane: "he is a lieutenant. Don't you see his wash-boards!"*

"That young lieutenant of yours," resumed Cæsar, "wants to jockey me out of Sophonisba; but I *vont* give her up, I *vont* be done out of twenty thousand pounds!"

* Lappels.

"Then it was not my person, Cæsar, it was my fortune at whose shrine you sacrificed the incense of your flattery!"

"All men," rejoined Cæsar, "marry for money."

"That's false!" cried Echo. "I am a man! and I would take this young lady for my wife, if she had only one shift to her back, and was obliged with that one to make a main-topsail-haul!"

This speech was too much for Brilliant. In his composition the weeping muse had no part. And he now laughed much louder than any of Homer's gods.

"Blast the money!" resumed Echo. "I have more than I know what to do with. I got above five hundred pounds prize-money in the war.—And besides this I receive a lieutenant's half-pay."

"And you rank, Tom," said Hurricane, "with a captain in the army. You forgot that, mess-mate."

"Ladies," said Cassandra, "will you do me the honour to visit me at my house? After your excursion you require some refreshment."

The party now walked to the house, where Cassandra received them with such fascinating manners, that all animosity was forgotten, and Cæsar and Echo very cordially shook hands. Nay, the ladies agreed to stop and dine, which the soldiers concurred with.

Cæsar and Shank were evidently weary. Each threw himself on a sopha and sunk to slumber.

Echo winked to Hurricane, and then withdrew to the garden.

"Harry!" said Echo, "did you ever hear of a place called Gretna Green?"

"I have, Tom, it is the port that brings up the runaways. They go there to get spliced."

"Whereabouts is it?"

"I cannot exactly tell; but I think it is in Ireland. However, to be certain, I will go and overhaul my gazetteer."

While Hurricane was gone, Echo walked up and down the garden with disordered pace. A sailor never forgets his quarter-deck step.

"I have made the land, Tom," cried Hurricane, returning. "Gretna Green is in the chops of Scotland. It bears from Chelsea north-west three quarters north; and it is distant one hundred leagues. With a fair wind you may run it in two days, for the devil's in it if a post-chaise cannot sail at the rate of six knots an hour. And you was always a h—l of a fellow to carry sail."

"I will carry sail till I run my vessel under water."

"But will Sophonisba shove her boat off with you?"

"Yes; for when I asked her to shove off her boat with me for Gretna, she sighed like the wind when it whistles through a block, and said 'Love I will."'

"When did you ask her?"

"Why, just after I took that swig at her lips."

"You are a lucky fellow! Sophonisba would, I guess, either sail, scud, or lie-to, better than Flora or Cassandra. She has a noble pair of cat-heads for rousing an anchor up to her bows."

"She is more beautiful than the Britannia going large before the wind."

"How nicely she bends her sails!"*

"What a clean run she has from her bows all the way to her counter!"

"What a pair of toplights!"

"What head-rails, Harry!"

"You'll be very happy, Tom!"

"She shall go to sea with me, Harry!"

"Go from sea, Tom. You are now both at Chelsea, and will leave it, I do not doubt, before the commodore at Spithead tumbles down the main-hatchway."

Dresses.

A goose and bodkin discovered.

CHAP. XXXI.

Arise, there, ho! Light, I say, lights! Raise all the neighbours! Saddle the steeds! Quick, call the watch! Ring, ring the bells! Diablo! ho!

Shakespeare.

An elegant dinner was provided for the party, when the ladies withdrew from the table, the conversation was unrestrained.

"Shank," said Cæsar, "I can neither stand nor sit at ease."

"Whose fault is that?" said captain Shank.

"Why yours," replied Cæsar.

"Mine!" rejoined captain Shank.

"Yes!" cried Cæsar. "I say, yours! you have made my waistcoat and pantaloons so tight that I undergo torture."

This raised a laugh. It announced captain Shank to be a tailor. But honour and shame, says the poet, from no condition rise. It surely mattered not.

But captain Shank was of a different opinion. He never reasoned abstractedly.

"Cæsar," said he, "pray sink the shop when you are in company. You hurt my feelings."

"So did colonel Tub," said Cæsar, "hurt mine, when last review he trod upon my toe. He takes up as much room as St. Paul's.

Captain Brilliant circulated the bottle; and being called on for a toast, he gave, "All hearty fellows."

"With aw-all my heart!" hiccupped Cæsar, who, now exempt from the restraint of his mother, was in the high road to get fuddled.

"Our bottle is out," cried captain Brilliant. "More wine, hoa!'

"More wine, hoa!" echoed Cæsar.

"Ditto!" bawled Shank.

"D—n your ditto!" cried Cæsar. "He is still in his counting-house."

More wine was brought; more wine was drank. Cæsar sung the last song he had heard at the opera; it was highly applauded. Shank was called on in succession.—"Haul your wind," whispered Hurricane to Echo. And while captain Shank was chaunting, "Jemmy Linkum Feedle," the young lieutenant withdrew.

Brilliant, who divined the motive that actuated young Echo to withdraw, engaged his guests in conversation.

"You must see some duty, gentlemen."

"By G—! sir," cried Shank, no disparagement to your profession; but no duty will bear, I believe, comparison with ours. We can call no hour of the night our own; the solemn time of midnight is not sacred. If there is a fire in the parish, the drummers beat to arms! Then such marching and counter-marching! Such ranking and flanking! such bawling to the troops! Close column of the central company face to the rear! Light infantry wheel backward four paces to the left. Left wheel, and form line! Quick march!"

"Ah! hah!" cried Cæsar. "Shank! no more parade cant! Get rid of your heeltaps."

CHAP. XXXII.

There she goes.

Said of a ship under weigh.

WHEN young Echo left the room, he thus soliloquized. Let me now see how the land lies. The ladies are in the drawing-room. I would rather board a hundred of the enemy's frigates, than steer my boat into a fleet of modest women; for a modest woman never fails to take me aback. I can strut up to a blowing as pompous as a midshipman when the lieutenant leaves him in charge of the deck; but the looks of a modest women always takes my sails flat aback; my ship has stern-way, and I am obliged to shift my helm. If this house was the Jerusalem, or the Anti-Gallican, oh! shins and shank-painters! how soon I would get my anchor a cock-bill! but here,—

In this part of our young hero's soliloquy, a female foot descending the stairs, suspended his utterance. He looked—it was Sophonisba.

An elopement.

"My angel! Sophonisba!" said the young lieutenant, and stopped.

Sophonisba saw his distress. Her penetration was intuition. She addressed him with the accent of encouragement:—

> Silence in love betrays more woe,
> Than words, however witty;
> The beggar that we know is dumb,
> Deserves a double pity.

"That's a proper fine song," said Echo.

"Song!" responded Sophonisba. "It was never designed for music."

"Your voice," returned Echo, "gives it music."

"Oh! how you can flatter!" said Sophonisba.

"Flatter!" rejoined Echo. "I tell you, my angel! by the holy G—, you are—upon my salvation you are—"

"Oh! fie!"

"Sophonisba! I say, will you shove off with me?"

"My dear Echo!"

"I say, if you don't consent, I will run and jump overboard."

Sophonisba was silent: but she cast a look of tenderness at Echo, and heaved a sigh.

Echo took down a bonnet that hung at the foot of the stairs. It belonged to Cassandra. But no matter. Sophonisba involuntarily put it on; involuntarily accepted the tendered hand of the lieutenant, and involuntarily hurried with him into the street.

Lieutenant Echo sought a coach, but there was no coach to be had. It signified not. Sophonisba had often danced till midnight at a ball; and, admitting these premises, it naturally follows that she could walk or run half a dozen miles with a lover. Her feet did not now fail her; but to town she directed her footsteps, arm in arm with a man who loved her for herself.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Shakespeare.

In about half an hour Sophonisba was missed by the females in the drawing-room, and Miss Million raised the hue and cry after her. She ran into the room where the gentlemen were sitting.

"Brother! brother! What do you think? Sophonisba is missing! I know where she is gone! I'm certain sure I know! She's gone with the handsome lieutenant!"

"Madam," said Mr. Hurricane, "you certainly mistake. I am the handsome lieutenant; and here I am before you, at an anchor in my chair."

This was too much for the risible muscles of captain Brilliant; he laughed, he stamped, he roared.

"Brother!" resumed Miss Million, "instead of tippling more wine, I think you might go and look for Sophonisba. This will be a pretty tale to be

told of one of our family. While you are beating the bush another runs off with the bird. I know what will be the consequence. Papa will have a return of his gout, and mamma's nervous complaint will come on again. She will have her spasms; I know mamma will have her spasms!"

"Let us pursue the fugitives," cried captain Shank, rising from his chair. "Let us make a forced march after them. Let us march to quick time. We shall soon be up with their rear guard."

"Make yourself easy," said Cæsar. "The sailor cannot keep Sophonisba, even if he marries her. Sophonisba is under age. Sophonisba is a ward of chancery. Her husband shall be prosecuted for stealing an infant."

"Brother!" cried Miss Miilion, "how can you talk so? You are more plague than enough. The young man is a sailor; and before this time to-morrow, I dare say, he will be in America."

"His ship must sail very fast, then," said Mr. Hurricane. "I never heard of so quick a passage before."

The ladies had now all assembled in the room.

"A mutiny!" cried captain Brilliant. "Four women got together in the same house!"

"Be pacified, Miss Million, I entreat you," said Cassandra. "It is a fine moonlight night.—They are, perhaps, only gone for a walk."

"No! no!" rejoined Miss Million. "Sophonisba has run away with the young man. Those sailors are such sly fellows; they do not court with fine speeches, but make familiar with you without saying, By your leave. How the lieutenant pulled and hauled our cousin about in the boat! And how the hussey looked at the fellow!"

"Yes! I *see'd* them, sister!" said Miss Mary. "It was quite naisty! Brother has no more heart than a mouse, or he would have resented it. I wish I had been a man! Yes, I wish I had been a man!

"I, madam," cried captain Shank, "resented it. I obliquely challenged him. I insinuated that I expected the honour of a meeting with slugs in a saw-pit,"

"Faugh!" said Miss Million. "You was upon the high stilts at first, but the lieutenant soon took you down."

"Madam," cried captain Shank, "your sex privileges you to talk: but I am sure, no man in company would—ha! hem! well! no matter!"

"More wine!" cried Cæsar.

"Brother!" said Miss Million, "are you not ashamed of yourself. You are now more than half tipsy."

"Half tipsy!" cried Cæsar: "indeed I am not ha-half tipsy. Do not think, I, I am ha-half tipsy! This is captain Shank. This is my captain. I am not ha-half tipsy. I am a soldier bold!!!"

"To arms! then!" cried Shank. "To arms! I say! to arms!"

"To arms!" repeated Cæsar. "We will all of us to arms!"

CHAP. XXXIV.

He can't flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
And they will take it so.
Shakespeare.

THE whole family were thus assembled, and all concerting different measures, when such loud and repeated raps were heard at the door, that had it not been formed of strong materials, it would certainly have been knocked down. All ran to the passage. The women expected to behold again the fugitives; and Miss Million, with her own hands, pulled open the bolt.

But what was her astonishment, when the door was opened, to be caught in the arms of a man, who, with an invincible assurance thus accosted her.

"The prettiest house-maid I ever saw with my eyes! Ye gods! what a clean run along the bends! Ambrosia and apple-dumplings! what projecting

cat-heads! And how she has dressed ship! All the colours of the universe contend for the honour of decorating her rigging! Smack! what lips! They are sweeter than sugar-cane."

"Tempest!" cried captain Brilliant, "or there are no negroes at Jamaica? Welcome to my house!"

"Yes! I have found out your rookery-house.—But I beg pardon. Mrs. Brilliant, your humble servant. Mrs. Hurricane, your most obsequious."

And here let the imagination of the reader supply many bows, many courtesies, many smiles, and much shaking of hands.

Captain Tempest having discovered his mistake, begged pardon of Miss Million for his abrupt salutations. "Yet, confess," said he, "upon your conscience, now (whispering) did you not like it when I was after holding you in my arms?"

"I was never hugged so before," murmured Miss Million.

"No! by Jasus!" said captain Tempest, "because you never had Pat before for a lover."

Tempest was a man of unsubdued confidence.—It was not in the power of female modesty to call a blush into his cheeks, or suspend the volubility of his tongue. He was an entire stranger to what my Lord Chesterfield terms *mauvaisse honte*.

Captain Brilliant ushered his guests into the parlour. Miss Mary Million had recognised the bonnet of Sophonisba in the passage, and she ran into the room, holding it in her hand.

"Sister!" said she, "you was premature. Sophonisba is not gone. I have found her bonnet."

"Stuff!" cried captain Shank. "All stuff! She is now on the march. She has brigaded herself with the sailor. She is deploying for town. She has changed her position. She is gone to the right about. She has taken up a new line by the echellon movement. Cæsar! to arms! Recover, comrade, your arms! Oh! gloomy night! Fall moon and stars! Fulminate, ye heavens! Drop hailstones, ye clouds! Cæsar is conquered!"

"That's a good one!" cried the young ensign. "Cæ-Cæs-Cæsar conquered! Don't you discharge your musket before it is loaded! Right centre company right face! By the right countermarch! Remaining companies outward face!—Halt! Front! Dress! Column open from the rear! March! Gentlemen, I am not drunk. I can march left foot first. Drums beat up! March!"

"What's all this?" cried Tempest. "I thought I had got to Chelsea; but I find I am at Chatham barracks."

Almost gone.

The evening had now advanced, and the Miss Millions expressed some impatience to get home.

"I know," said the eldest girl, "mamma will have her spasms again, if we don't return soon.— Brother, get your hat. We will run up stairs for our bonnets."

"I want coffee!" cried Cæsar. "I am dying for a cup of coffee!"

"Then come up into the drawing-room," rejoined the sister. "Leave, leave your filthy wine!"

Cæsar now ascended into the drawing room, assisted by the ladies and captain Shank; the naval heroes keeping below, to confabulate without restraint.

CHAP. XXXV.

A refined discourse about refinement.

"The girl I caught hold of," cried Tempest, "is a pretty figure of a female. You may, however, discern she was bred east of Temple Bar—she is so d—d ungrammatical."

"That's the misfortune," said Brilliant, "of her education. But I dare say she has good natural parts."

"No matter," replied Tempest; "it always shocks my delicacy to talk with a woman who has more curls to her hair than grammar in her noddle. By Jasus! the *laist* brogue in a woman always throws me into a *faiver*!"

"I reckon," said Hurricane, "she has plenty of bit."

"Her father," observed Brilliant, "can give

her twenty thousand pounds. He is as rich as a Jew."

'Ha! ha!" cried Tempest; "say you so? By the hookey, I have a mind to make her a captain's lady."

"She appears," said Hurricane, "to be engaged to a captain already. Shank told me in secret, after the second bottle, that his father was a rich merchant tailor, and that the old man had held a council of war with Mr. Million about splicing him to Miss Million."

"And how soon?" cried Tempest. "I would lay an anchor out to windward of the whole boiling. But the girl is so inelegant and ungrammatical. She does not seem to know the four cardinal points of the compass. We should never square our yards together by the lifts and braces. I require an enlightened woman for my wife; a girl of sentiment and liberal accomplishments; one worthy to sail in company with a first-rate duchess. How the devil could I take my wife to court, who did know the main-tack from the captain's epaulet?"

"Very just," said Brilliant. "A refined woman for ever!"

"Oh! refinement is every thing," exclaimed Tempest.

"But a man of your acquaintance," replied Brilliant, "might polish a young wife. Your conversation would insensibly improve her."

"True, very true, my dear fellow," said Tempest. "If the girl had any notion of answering her helm, I would soon cultivate her mind: but if a girl does not learn grammar at school, you would not be able afterwards to beat it into her head with a chissel and mallet."

"You could hire a parson," said Brilliant. "A thousand parsons would jump mast-high at a salary of twenty pounds a-year, and to be found in his rations."

"Oh! d— all parsons!" cried Tempest, "I think it ominous to meet one."

The two Miss Millions, accompanied by the soldiers, now entered the room, wrapped up in their cloaks.

"Arrah! my lasses," cried Tempest, "your fore-topsails are loose, the signal for sailing; but none of you fired a gun."

"Good night, gentlemen," said the ladies.

"Ladies!" cried Brilliant, "before you make sail, let me observe to you, that the coast every night, from Chelsea to Hyde-park Corner is infested

with land-privateers; that, after sun-set, robberies and murders are not uncommon."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Miss Million, "we are in danger of our lives. I will never come out no more after this."

"Fear nothing, my charming fair," said captain Shank, taking the hand of Miss Million. "I am your man! at the crack of your fan, I will defend you with the valour of a man of war. This weapon has never failed me—as the man says in Drury-lane:

> I have seen the day,
> That with this little arm, and this little sword
> I've made my way through more impediments
> Than twenty times your stop!

"Confide in my protection! confide in the protection of a man, whom you love for the dangers he has past, and whose recital of hair-breadth 'scapes in the enemy's deadly breach, won first your maiden heart. Come, my intended! Allons! all along! as Monsieur Toupe says."

"Oh! I am scared to death!" said Miss Million. "Captain Brilliant, could I not hire a man to go home with us? I would give him a guinea."

"Here he stands before you! cried Tempest. "I will take you under my convoy. I have no

sword; but I have this little shillela. And if any land-privateer should lay us along-side—by the hook and by crook, I would cut him up in junks."

"Indeed, captain," said Miss Million, "your polite offer sets my heart at ease. Indeed, sir, I am very sensible of your goodness."

"Say not a word honey," replied Tempest.—"Come, let us fill and be off."

"I will go with you, Captain Tempest," said Hurricane, "and guard the other young lady."

"My dear Hurricane!" cried Flora.

"If any land-privateer," resumed Hurricane, "should come athwart our hawse, I would soon cut his cable."

"Spring your luff, then," cried Tempest. "I will introduce you to Mrs. Tempest. She is now leaning sentimentally on her elbow, looking out of the cabin window for me, and dropping a salt-water tear at my absence. Spring your luff, my sea-officer. I will shew you sport!"

"Yes, that I believe," said Flora. "Very well, Hurricane: you want to break my heart! You know the state I am in. You will stay out all night."

Flora!" rejoined Hurricane, "upon the word of a man, I will return to you in a couple of hours: I will, upon my soul."

"That's a dear creature!" exclaimed Flora, in a rapture. "Bye, bye, love!"

"Heave ahead, Jerry! heave ahead!" said Tempest.

Miss Million now took the arm of Tempest, and her sister accepted that of Hurricane. Many adieus were reciprocated, and away the party marched. Cæsar and captain Shank bringing up the rear, and vociferating a number of phrases which they had acquired at the drill.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Oh! the devil.

Shakespeare.

No sooner had the party set out, than satan, or, in language more popular, the devil, began to brood mischief in various shapes. The night, awfully dark, facilitated his designs.

The party had walked about half way up Sloane-street, when three footpads attacked them, crying, "Give up your money!"

"Yes!" cried Tempest, "I will give it to you;" and, so saying, he began vigorously to cudgel them with his shillela. A battle-royal now ensued, in which there was a desparity; for Tempest and Hurricane had to sustain the onset of the three robbers. Where then was captain Shank? Where ensign Cæsar? Alas! Shank, with commendable

prudence decamped in search of the watch; and Cæsar had vanished like a ghost at the crowing of the cock.

But no matter. Tempest and Hurricane very soon dispersed the assailants and prosecuted their walk with the ladies.

The devil thus defeated in one purpose, thought of another that was more likely to be attended with success. He whispered Tempest in the ear, and, with irresistible eloquence urged him to run away with the banker's daughter; at the same time insinuating his cloven foot into the heart of the damsel.

"Did I not defend you like a man?" whispered Tempest, in the ear of the nymph, squeezing her at the same time significantly by the hand.

"Oh! you are so brave!" said Miss Million.

"And are you of opinion that none but the brave are worthy of the fair?"

"Indeed I think so."

"Then, if I am brave, and you are fair, our destiny points to an union. Let us part company from Hurricane and your sister; and before two nights more are over, I will make you a captain's lady."

"My dear captain! what would my papa and mamma say? There would be such a piece of work! I could never look them in the face."

"I will look them in the face for you. Let us

alter our course. I will charter a chaise for Gretna-Green."

"Oh, dear! I do so tremble. When Shank offered me marriage, I heard him unmoved; but I declare you make me shake with fear."

"Arrah! honey! cling to my arms! I will be as tender as a turtle dove."

Oh! thou tempter of the human race! whose agency is felt and acknowledged throughout the habitabte globe; thou angel of darkness! how camest thou to put it into the head of captain Tempest to whisper the tale of love in the ear of Miss Million, and dispose the nymph to hear it? Alas! no longer does she dread that mamma will have the spasms; her visions are now of a more tender nature.

Retrospective view.

CHAP. XXXVII.

To Gretna-Green they hurry-scurry fly;
The bridegroom's glow, the tender virgin's sigh.

Anon.

LET us now return to lieutenant Echo, and the fair Sophonisba, whom we left together, dancing it away from Chelsea to Hyde-park-corner. I can now behold the young officer handing the timid maid into a chaise, and the driver pursuing the road that leads towards Scotland. I behold the two pilgrims thus departing at night—not to rob, or to steal, or to betray—but to get to Gretna-Green; a spot more delicious than the feigned gardens of Adonis or Alcinous.

They travelled all night with inconceivable speed; never was there a quicker succession of chaises on the road. But the next morning, as they were about to enter the little village of Henley, their chaise broke down, and their flight was impeded.

Had the vessel of lieutenant Echo struck against a rock, he could not have been disposed to swear with more vehemence. I say disposed; for before he could articulate his first oath, the eye, the smile, the whole animated visage of Sephonisba soothed the transports of his rage! So true is it, that the presence of the fair sex never fails to soften men's manners. *Emallit mores nec sinit esse feros.*

In this mournful situation, a chaise was discovered behind, scouring furiously along the road, the horses snorting, the dust flying.—Sophonisba turned pale.

" Here they overhaul us!" cried Echo. " Here they overhaul us hand over hand!—But no mattter. I am ready for action." And, so saying, he put his hand into his pocket, and grasped a pistol, that he had provided for his defence.

The solicitude of Sophonisba very soon subsided. Thé chaise behind did not contain pursuers, but another tender couple, who were aslo dancing it away to the hymeneal altar; namely, William Tempest, esquire, late commander of his Britannic Majesty's ship, the Salamander, and Amelia Million, eldest daughter of Miles Million, esquire, banker, of the city of London.

Miss Million was so wrapped up in a calash and cloak, that Sophonisba, at first, did not recognize

her; but the dress of Tempest announced him to be a naval officer.

The road was extremely narrow ; and the broken-down chaise of the lieutenant obstructed the passage.

"Chaise, ahoy!" called captain Tempest

"Hulloa!" said Mr. Echo.

"I wish," rejoined Tempest, "you would not block up the ganway in this manner. It is worse than the straits of Baffleman, where you cannot square your yards for monkeys."

"We are clearing the wreck," cried Echo.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Million, "it is Mr Echo! And, bless me! I now see Sophonisba.—Cousin! Oh! I am so glad to meet you! How do you do, child?" And, so saying, she skipped out of the chaise to embrace Sophonisba.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Sophonisba. "My cousin Amelia! Where are you going?"

Amelia hung down her head.

"Going!" cried Tempest, "arrah! she is going to the altar before the wind.—She is going to get her marriage-tacks on board."

"If that's the case, sir," said the young lieutenant, "you might as well help us to a passage on board of you. My vessel, you see, is a mere wreck upon the water."

"Come on board," said Tempest. "Let us stow close. My bride, I presume, has no objection to close stowage."

Amelia hung down her head.

"I hope," cried Tempest, "before to-morrow night, to be riding the gale out in a white-limed chamber. Driver! make sail!"

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Hail! wedded Love! Mysterious law!
True source of human offspring.

Milton.

Joyously did our amorous group now jig it away for the temple of Hymen; nor did the lovers forbear either glance or toy, with their fair and willing mistresses.

At length they arrive at Carlisle; and now they are within one stage of Gretna-Hall. Fresh horses are ordered, and Echo beheld the structure of Gretna rise to his view with not less transport than the marine descries land. Their errand was divined by the country people on the road; and they scarcely passed a human face that did not display a broad grin.

The snorting steeds stop at the door of Gretna-Hall. They knew well the place; they had conveyed many a couple thither before. A curly red-headed Scotch

boy opens the door of the carraige; the heroes leap out, they take their brides by the hand, and lead them, blushing, but nothing loth, to the chamber of wedlock.

"You boy!" vociferated Tempest.

"Sir!"

"Pass the word for the chaplain!"

"Chaplain, sir?"

"Aye? the parson. Tell him to bear a hand here. We want him to read a page out of Hamilton Moore to us. We want him to splice us. Tol de rol! tol de rol!"

A blush burned in the cheek of Amelia; and the eyes of Sophonisba now sought and now declined the encounter of the young lieutenant's.

While the boy was gone for the blacksmith, the party amused themselves with reading the inscriptions on the wainscot of the room; inscriptions which sentimental minds would have perused with rapture, but which served only to call forth a loud laugh from the lungs of Tempest. I will insert a a few of them:

Who would not renounce the universe for one single tear of love?

Call the blacksmith! Haste! call the blacksmith! for I am sick of love.

The Gretna Green parson.

Warm as the sun beam, pure as the driven snows,
The enamoured youth for sweet Clarissa glows,
Drops the still tear, with kind attention sighs,
And woos the goddess with adoring eyes.

What powerful necromancy there can be in this poetry, I am at a loss to find. Yet the Edinburgh Reviewers have pronounced it a very favorable specimen of a brilliant imagination ; and, no doubt, it operated upon them like a spell, soothing their souls, and lulling them into a voluptuous langour.*

Hamlet remarks, that *a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain !* The Edinburgh review has convinced me, that *a man may write, and write, and be a blockhead.*

But enough of Settle ! Let us leave the Edinburgh Reviewer for a man of more consequence.

Behold the blacksmith, ycleped parson of Gretna-Green. Lo ! he enters the room. What gravity of countenance and solemnity of mien ! But see ! how he staggers ! Wherefore this serpentine motion ? Ah ! bah ! He has only taken his morning glass.

" Hoa !" cried captain Tempest. " Why, I say, Mr. Parson, you have been bowsing up your jib-stay ! Come, splice this lady and me, and that gen-

* Vide Edinburgh Review, No. IV. p. 496.

tleman and his lady; and then we will all take a pull at the halliards together."

"Ring the bell, will you?—ring the bell, will you?"

"Yes!" cried Tempest, "I'll ring the bell, and give such a peal, that I'll make all sneer again. But, first, I say, splice us?"

Amelia murmured unintelligibly.

"Pull the bell, will you—pull the bell—the young ladies would like a glass of wine."

"Not any, sir, I thank you kindly," said Sophonisba.

"Come, parson," cried Tempest, "Do your duty."

"Softly!" said the parson. "I always come to terms before I marry. My price is twenty guineas for each couple. Nor is it much. When lord Saddog ran away with Miss Wealthy, the banker's daughter, he gave me a hundred pound note for marrying them. I am well known. It was I who married Mr. Perry; and I was sent for at a vast expence, to attend his trial at Bristol. I shall never forget the speech which Erskine made."

"Well," replied Tempest, "do your duty, parson; I will give you the twenty guineas."

"But captain," rejoined the parson, "we want somebody to give the young ladies away. Let me see. Joey, the postillion, will do for one father, and

Sandy, the ostler, for the other.—Pull the bell, will you; pull the bell."

The bell was rang; and the boy entered.

"Archibald," said the parson, "tell Joey and Sandy to come hither."

Joey and Sandy were obedient to the call. They entered the room, each grinning, and each scratching his head.

"Joey!" cried Tempest, "we want you to stand father here."

"Yes, measter," replied Joey. "And it bean't the first time. It was I who geave awoy Madam Wealthy to my Lord Saddog."

"You may tell that to the marines, Joey," said Tempest; "but I'll be d——— if the sailors will believe it However, no matter. Come parson, where's your book?"

The parson now proceeded to business.

"Will you have this woman for your wife?" *&c. &c.*—"Will you have this man for your husband?" *&c. &c.* To which our naval heroes replied with a sounding "Yes!" and their brides with blushing timidity faultered out the word.

O modesty! supreme voluptuousness of love! It is thou who givest to woman a fascinating power. It is thou who suffusest her cheek with a blush: it is

Extract from Milton.

thou who teachest her bosom to give undulation to the gauze's fold: it is thou who causest her eye now to seek, and anon to decline the encounter of her lover's.

Captain Tempest was now wedded to Amelia, and lieutenant Echo to Sophonisba. The parson's bill was paid; the horses were again put to, and back the bridegrooms and brides were conveyed with rapidity to Carlisle. There, in the language of the chaste Milton,

> Their fill of love, and love's disport
> Took largely; of their mutual flame the seal;
> The solace of their souls; till dewy sleep
> Oppress'd them.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Oh! Abraham Newland! magical Abraham Newland!
Dibdin.

OUR married group remained a week at Carlisle, of whom it may be said, that each couple was one flesh.

Echo was now happy. But the mind of tempest was susceptible of other energies beside those of the conjugal state. It is true, that he saw and felt that his bride was charming. She had fair hair, languishing blue eyes, a nose somewhat aquiline, and pouting red lips. Her teeth were also good, and she had one of the finest bosoms in the world. These were her charms; but what does the poet say?

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in the eye, and palls upon the sense.

Now it is not so with money. Gold is not of that quality, that satiety must necessarily follow

possession. Amelia had other charms than those of person. She had twenty thousand in the care of the directors of the Bank of England; and, in a word, Tempest was secretly jealous that those charms should have any guardian but himself.

The breast of Echo knew not this aching. Content with the possession of Sophonisba, he wanted not to multiply his money. Sophonisba to him was every thing. She was his ship, his yatch, his barge, his pinnace. Indeed she was an exquisite girl. Before marriage she was lovely; but now she was an earthly houri.

Three weeks had now elapsed, when the wedded group returned to London. Tempest took a suit of rooms for his bride in St. James's: and Echo carried his wife to Chelsea, where they were received with acclamations of heartfelt joy.

CHAP. XL.

Soon his heart relented.
Milton.

Tempest now proposed to his bride to visit her father and mother. "Let us board them," said he, "in the smoke. Writing of letters is all stuff; it is like playing at long bowls. Let us range up along-side of them."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Tempest, "I shall never be able to look mamma in the face."

"Look mamma in the face!" cried Tempest.—"You ought now to carry your peak higher than ever. You are a post-captain's lady: you rank with the wife of a colonel in the army. Your children will have blood! They will have the blood of an officer of the royal navy in their veins." Captain Tempest was no sneak. He was not uxorious. He could with equal facility manage a ship or a wife. *O! si sic omnes!* The same day Tempest conducted

his wife to the house of her father. The footman asked his commands. "Shew me up stairs, sirrah!" cried he. The voice and mien of Tempest awed the servant into submission; and, contrary to his master's orders, he conducted our pair into the drawing-room. Mary Million and Cæsar were sitting by the fire. Mary was knitting; Cæsar was studying a treatise on fortification. Mary, on looking up, ran with emotion to the arms of her sister. They both burst into taars.

"Oh! Amelia!" cried she, "how naughty you have been. Mamma has had the spasms. Her numbness has come on again. And papa has been so afflicted, that he had no appetite at the lord mayor's feast. It was in the papers, Amelia!"

Cæsar, sullen as Ajax in the infernal regions, uttered not a word, but offered to withdraw.

"Stripling!" cried Tempest, intercepting Cæsar, "where is your urbanity, where your affection? Trifle not with my feelings, or by the G—d that made me"—

"My dear Tempest," said Amelia, "be calm, I beseech you."

"Youth!" resumed Tempest, "go this instant to your sister. Tender her your hand. You wear the dress of a man; shew yourself one."

Cæsar did as he was bidden.

"There!" cried Tempest. "Now go to your father. Make him my compliments. Tell him the husband of his daughter, an officer of the navy—a man that dares do all that becomes a man—tell him captain Tempest desires his company."

"I go, sir," said Cæsar.

Some men, says lord Chesterfield, are to be flattered and some threatened into a thing. Tempest understood the last art.

At last Mr. Million, accompanied by his wife, enter the room. Amelia throws herself at their feet, and prays their forgiveness. The parents relent. They lift their child from the ground, and tenderly embrace her.

"Your name, sir," said the banker. "is, I believe, Tempest?"

The captain bowed.

"Your fame, sir, is not unknown to me. If I mistake not, you were made post, for heading a party of seamen in storming a fort in the West Indies?"

Again the captain bowed.

"In marrying my daughter, sir, you have done me honour. Her fortune is thirty thousand pounds. The whole shall be made over to you with interest, in four quarterly payments."

"Sir," replied Tempest, "your daughter is a fortune in herself. She is virtuous, lovely, amiable!

I saw her and was conquered. She was the first woman that ever made prize of my heart. Many a woman of quality has eyed me with regard; but the shot of their glances never reached me. None but the fire of Amelia's eyes could cause me to strike! To her I hauled down my jack, my ensign, and my pendant!"

Amelia dispatched a glance at Tempest from under her fair eye-lashes, and heaving her beautiful bosom, fetched a deep sigh.

"She is a good girl, captain," said the banker; "and I lament not her destiny. She is your own."

"I thank you," said Tempest. "Nor will you repent the gift. I will take her to court. She shall be introduced to the first-chop mandarines. But first, I must buy a coach for my Amelia."

Amelia looked fondly at her husband.

"Amelia," said Tempest, "I have business at the Admiralty; so stay with your family till four, when I will call for you."

Amelia pouted, and looked grave.

"She does not like to be from you, captain," said the banker; "but say you will dine here, and then she will accede."

"I will do myself the honour, sir." And so saying, the captain withdrew, humming the sentimental tune of, "By the deep nine."

CHAP. XLI.

Travels by land. A mayor's feast.

Captain Brilliant, having settled his business in town, prepared to depart for Wales, whither Mr. Hurricane and his wife, together with Mr. Echo and his wife, had also resolved to go.

They employed three chaises, for two of the ladies took up a great deal of room; and they loaded a chaise in the rear, with bread and cold meat, and fruit and wine, that such as were faint on the road might eat and drink, and be glad in heart.

With regard to Tempest, he was not a man disposed to retire into Wales; he loved the city, where he could sport his figure and possessions. Besides, he wished much to sentimentalize his young wife; to grammaticize her English; to give her a taste for poetry, and polish into elegance her city aukwardness. And all this he undertook to do himself! Oh! what a delightful task for a husband to cultivate the

mind of his wife! To spread before her a rich intellectual banquet! To ingraft ideas on her mind, and new combinations of diction on her speech! To excite her natural susceptibility for all the tender charities! Sweet! Oh; sweet! I now behold Amelia sitting at the same table with Tempest, devouring up his belles-lettres instructions with a greedy ear, considering his precepts oracular, and every day acquiring more expression of countenance.

Our party, in their journey to Bristol, took the more circuitous road to Salisbury, desirous to visit that famous city, whose matchless cathedral boasts as many windows as there are weeks, pillars as there are days, and gates as there are months in the year.

It was the day of the mayor's feast, when captain Brilliant entered Salisbury with his wife, and his friends and their wives. The whole city was in motion. The trumpeters were sounding their trumpets at the gates of the council-house. The cooks and cupbearers, obedient to the sound, were running from the kitchens and the cellars, with dishes and bottles in their hands. The whole city was in motion. The mayor, preceded by the mace-bearers, and followed by the clergy and corporation, were marching in solemn procession to the house of feasting.

Oh! it was a goodly sight! A detachment of the

war-captains were drawn up in the market-place, in battle array, ready to defend their bacon. And the nymphs of the city had clambered to their casements, and thrust their heads into the public street; some gazing at the huge feeders, some casting from beneath their fine eye-lashes, glances at the military, and others recognizing among the men of the gown, the preacher, who, in exhorting them to repentance, had inspired them with tenderness.

Much contention was there that day for the uppermost seats at the feast; and many were the salutations and greetings in the market-place. Like the days too, that were before the flood, there was much eating and drinking.

After a dinner of peace and quietness and loving-kindness, at the White Hart, our naval heroes accompanied their wives in a walk round the city; and while the mayor and corporation were circulating their bottle, the party subscribed twenty-five pounds to the half-famished prisoners of Fisherton jail.

Sophonisba, who, next to her husband, loved a book, called at a bookseller's shop in Oatmeal Row, where a little man was standing erect behind his counter, clad in a snuff-coloured coat, and blowing his fingers to keep them warm.

"Have you any new publications, sir!" said Sophonisba.

"Yes, miss, I have a perfectly new work, on Abstinence from Animal Food."

"Is it popular, sir?"

"Not, ma'am, in this city."

"I believe you," cried Brilliant. "They were piping to dinner here, just as we luffed round the council-house. I should not like to find the inhabitants in their rations."

Our party passed the night at Salisbury, and early the next morning proceeded to Bristol, where they put up at the Greyhound in Broad-Mead.

The journey to Caerfilly.

CHAP. XLII.

From yonder proudly vaulted hall
The shouts of festive mirth resound;
The blazing tapers gild the wall,
And frolic dancers beat the ground.
Anon.

AFETR crossing the little river Severn, a day's easy journey brought our party to Caerfilly, from whence the chaises were dragged by the populace to the house of admiral Roughknot. The worthy admiral, however *unused to the melting mood*, was wholly overcome by the presence of his niece. Nor was Cassandra without emotion. The white arms of beauty leaned on the shoulder of the worthy man: the tears of Cassandra fell fast; sighs issued from her heart.

"Welcome, my child!" cried the admiral. "Welcome to thy home. I forgive thee leaving me! Thou hast married the man who merits thy affection!"

The moon at this interview, was walking through the cloudless sky; the sons of the cottage were pur-

suing their dreams; and the repose of the night was disturbed only by the bark of the watch-dog.

Yet Fame, swift-winged Fame, flies with unmeasurable speed, by day and by night. The inhabitants of Caerfilly and the neighbouring hills, shook off their nightly slumbers, to welcome the heroes of my page to their hospitable soil.

Sir Hugh Morgan and his family were not long absent. Tears ceased to flow, and all was mirth, and joy, and jubilee. The harp was brought; the Race of Jenkin was played; and the hall resounded with the steps of the dancers.

CHAP. XLIII.

> There was a day
> That he did wear a vizard, and could tell
> A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear.
>
> *Shakespeare.*

THE joy of admiral Roughknot, at the safe return of his niece, and her gallant captain, was unspeakably great.

"Well, now," said the worthy man, "I am content. I am old, very old. I had the command of a line-of-battle ship in Rodney's action with de Grasse, and that is more than twenty years ago. The last flake of life's coil is now reeved through the block of eternity. But it matters not. I only wished to see Cassandra happily spliced. That wish is granted me, and I care not how soon my life-lines may go; whether fate snaps them at the standing part, or whether she casts them off, and they run through the sheave."

"My dear uncle!" cried Cassandra, "I hope you will live many years yet, and behold every year bring more happiness, if it is possible, to Brilliant and myself."

"Captain Brilliant," said the admiral, chuckling, "if this, now, should be a boy, I will turn my pond into a punch-bowl, and invite all the people of Caerfilly to bale it out. There shall be feasting for all hands. Every room in the Boar's Head * shall hold as many guests as it will stow. The harp shall be set to work. Old age shall recover its youth; and on that day James Howels shall shake a foot to the music †."

"I am certain, sir, in my own mind," said Brilliant, "that it will be a son. It was the keel of a boy I laid down; and he shall be called, sir, after you."

"Good!" said the admiral. "If the young dog emulates my deeds, he will not disgrace his Majesty's navy. I had always a zeal for the service. From the time I went on board the Dreadnought, a little midshipman, not bigger than the topsail-sheet knot, till I was made admiral on the East India station, I was never known to fight the old soldier. The doctor never had me on his list, unless, when by drifting, I got athwart the hawse of a fireship. I

* The principal inn at Caerfilly.

† James Howels, an old man, living at Caerfilly, ever smoaking, or drinking, or singing. The inhabitants pronounce him mad: but he is, perhaps, not more mad than any other men, whose houses overlook Caerfilly Castle.

was never known to skulk, never known to play at Tom Coxe's traverse."

Captain Hurricane now entered the room, accompanied by his teeming spouse; and soon after lieutenant Echo made his appearance, with his tender bride, smiling loves and graces.

It was the hour of breakfast. The footman had brought the urn, and Cassandra was preparing the Oriental beverage.

The old admiral rose from his seat at the entrance of the ladies, and handed them respectively to a chair. He then seated himself between them, and with great gallantry complimented them on the beauty of their looks.

And so, Mrs. Echo," said admiral Roughknot, "notwithstanding the vaunted powers of a red coat, you preferred a true-blue to it. You chose rather to join hand and heart with a lieutenant on half-pay, who had been all his life afloat, than an union with a quill-driver of extensive fortune."

Sophonisba smiled.

"And I am positive the young lieutenant is one of the happiest men, that ever stepped between the stem and stern of a ship. He is never at rest but when he is sitting alongside of you, or has got you in tow."

"And that is my case too, sir," said Hurricane.

"I am never satisfied unless Flora is within hail of me."

"That will do for the marines," said captain Brilliant.

"Yes," said Flora, "but the sailors will never believe it. My husband must not tell that to admiral Roughknot."

"Why, madam," said the admiral, "it is very credible. You are as full of charms as a ship is of ropes."

"So I think, sir," said Hurricane.

"A very poor compliment!" cried Brilliant. "There are only nine ropes in a ship—the rest in stays, back-stays, shrouds, and braces."

"It matters not," said Flora, "I am used to this raillery."

"It is a mere trifle in war-time," returned Brilliant.

"Come ladies," said the admiral, "let us talk of something more important. Whose cook-week is it, pray?"

Brilliant attempted to stifle laughing, but it was wholly out of his power. He stamped, roared, and made the room echo, with an honest unsophisticated ha! ha! ha!

"My dear," said Cassandra, "lord Chesterfield says it is not pretty to laugh aloud."

"Not pretty to laugh aloud!" rejoined Brilliant. "Why, it throws off the spleen, helps digestion, and puts the whole system in better trim."

"Ladies," said the admiral, "I beg pardon,—but who stands *cater* this week?"

"Permit me, sir," said Sophonisba, "I will be the cateress. What, sir, would you relish to-day for dinner?"

"I leave that, madam," replied the admiral, "to your judgment."

"But, admiral," said Brilliant, "if the cook, or more politely, the *caterix*, does not get her coppers well cleaned, and her meat well towed, is she not to be cobbed? Mrs. Echo, you had better keep a sharp look out. Depend upon it, I will be more severe than ever your governess was. I'll take some of your sheathing off."

"Sir," said Sophonisba, "whatever a court-martial adjudges, I must submit to. But do not accuse me before I am guilty."

In this manner would admiral Roughknot converse with the inmates of his hospitable mansion, preserving his wit and humour at an age when other men are prone to moroseness and gloom. No man ever forgets his original profession. The cask retains the flavour of the first liquor which impregnated it. Once

a sailor, always a sailor; and the admiral still spoke in the ship idiom, still fetched his comparisons from on board, and still pursued the metaphors of his early youth. Indeed the cup of the old gentleman's happiness seemed now full. His face was ever cheerful, and his smile denoted a serenity of mind, and a freedom from perturbation.

All his wishes had been centered in the felicity of his niece, whom he loved with the warmth and tenderness of a father. That niece was now married to a man who deserved the precious jewel; who had fought his country's battles, and encreased the glory of her flag; who was not leading a life of idleness, but reposing on his laurels; and, who, when his sovereign again required his services, would be one of the first at the post of honour.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

Captain Brilliant resolves to reside at Caerfilly.

CHAP XLIV.

Minstrel ! tune some dulcet lay,
Ever jocund ever gay ;
Strike the harp and fill the bowl,
Wake to rapture every soul.

Anon.

CAPTAIN BRILLIANT and his lady accepted the invitation of the admiral, to make his house their permanent abode ; but lieutenant Hurricane and young Echo, having well considered the affair, hired, for a twelvemonth, ready furnished lodgings in the neighbourhood of Swansea.

Before, however, the gallant tars undertook their journey, they contributed by their hilarity, to the celebration of an event which encreased the happiness of Brilliant.

The lady of this illustrious officer was safely delivered of a son, the pledge of pure and chaste affection.

Lady Brilliant delivered of a son.

Before I describe the journey of the two lieutenants towards Swansea, it will be no undelightful task to exhibit the festivity which reigned under the roof of the admiral, when Cassandra was sufficiently recovered to receive the company of her friends.

In the rustic masquerade given by the admiral to the inhabitants of Caerfilly, there were marshaled the gayest groups of a fairy land. The park and gardens of the naval chief were transformed into a kind of enchanted ground, where the inebriate mob, to the soft music of the harp, drenched themselves in the cup of joy.

To the sound of martial music was opened the masquing scene; and old age, as if feeling a rejuvenescence, exclaimed to the melting fair, in the language of a festive bard,

> Braid your locks with rosy twine,
> Dropping odours, dropping wine;
> Rigour now is gone to bed,
> And Advice with solemn head,
> Strict Age and sour Severity,
> With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
> We that are of purer fire,
> Imitate the starry quire,
> Now to the moon in wavering morris move.

This *fete* was directed by the taste of the admiral.

The industry of the town of Caerfilly, formed the vanguard in the army of pleasure, and had long since given pleasing "note of preparation."

The whole host of tailors, mantua-makers, and miliners, had been for a month in requisition. Books, painters, carpenters, and confectioners, were levied *en masse*, to commemorate the happy day.

To the capacious means which the regular establishment of the admiral's house afforded, were added several temporal accommodations. Of these one was a long and beautiful green walk, extending from the great door of the mansion, in various directions, through an ample and cultivated garden. It was covered in, and hung with numerous festoons of variegated lamps, and terminated by a transparency of a female figure, representing Peace ascending to heaven, after having destroyed War and his officious fiends. The finest flowers of almost every species, blooming in beds along the sides of the walk, rose in great abundance; while the most beautiful shrubs waved their branches to the soft breeze of night, and mingled their odours. This walk was rendered peculiarly grateful from the freshness of the air, the coolness of the ground, and the fragrance of the flowers; and consequently afforded a happy retreat to all who, in the course of the night, suffered from the heat of the ball-room, and interior apartments.

The characters described.

About eight in the evening the company began to assemble, and there was no family of opulence within twelve miles of Caerfilly, that did not hasten to the spot.

Sir Hugh Morgan appeared in the costume of Fluellen, the brave and loquacious Welchman in Henry the Fifth; and his accent was highly appropriate, and exquisitely shrewd. The eldest son of the worthy baronet supported the character of a blind Welch harper, and touched the strings of his instrument with no contemptible skill—Mr. Jones personated a landlord of a country inn, with characteristic drollery, and dilated on the commodiousness of his rooms, the abundance of his larder, the excellence of his wines, and the obliging temper of his wife, to the universal mirth and jollity of his hearers.—Captain Morgan acquitted himself with great adroitness in the part of a female barber, a profession common in Wales; and boasted very eloquently of the softness of his soap, and the keenness of his razors.—Colonel Williams was a Turk, of solemn and dignified mien; and the dress of the follower of Mahomet was magnificent beyond description.—Major Parry, lieutenant Evans, and Mr. Ellis, horse-dealers.—Mr. Owens was a corn-cutter.—Captain Hardy personated a Jew.—Old Mr. James Howels was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman; and he acted up to the character, by smoking

Continuation.

his pipe and drinking his gin, the whole night. He was indeed the most natural character in the whole group.—Mr. Philips was in a domino.—Of the domestic group, I shall be allowed to speak minutely. —The admiral personated the character of a Chelsea pensioner, a most excellent mask.—Captain Brilliant appeared as a waterman, and his muscular form and limbs were well adapted to the character. —Lieutenant Hurricane came forward as Neptune, attended by Mr. Echo, as his barber; they acquitted themselves admirably, and provoked considerable laughter.

We now come to the ladies. It would be impossible for the coldest imagination to describe the *ensemble* of this party, without giving an air of extravagance to the picture. Fancy might have regarded the spot as the temple of beauty, where some second Charles had enshrined the loveliest women of the the age, as the proudest record of the glory of his reign.

In this most interesting circle, there was a group of fairy queens, composed by the three fair daughters of sir Hugh Morgan, whose ravishing forms excited admiration.—The lovely Miss Williams appeared as an *angel:* dress white, blue scarf and wings.—Mrs. Morgan personated a ballad-singer,

and warbled, sweetly several ballads of her own composition. One little song, in particular, was loudly encored :—

The jutting rocks the ocean laves,
And soon or late the rocks decay,
Until, with liquid shocks, the waves
Sweep every rugged stone away.

Not so the sea of tears I pour;
Ah! cruel! while for thee I pine.
Those seas of tears but harden more
That unrelenting heart of thine.

These verses, sung with corresponding plaintiveness of voice, had a wonderful effect upon the audience.——Miss Evans, the gay, the beautiful, and accomplished, was a gipsy, who told fortunes with great archness. She belonged to a group of gipsies, who had pitched their tents, lighted a fire, and put on their pot to boil. They had an ass, with panniers and two fine chubby children of the Egyptian breed. Many a credulous fair-one resorted to these oracles. to learn their destinies; and many a specious promise was held out of future lovers, husbands, and numerous progeny.——The lovely Sophinisba was the *chief sibil,* who warbled, with exquisite grace, a wild and original catch :

Original verses.

Where poplars high waving in air,
Embower the pool,
We duly at noon-tide repair,
For quiet and cool.

And do not old Brindle or Pie,
From the midst of the dell,
Now tell ye the gipsies are nigh,
By tinkling their bell.

When the plaudits, raised by this simple unaffected ditty, had ceased, Miss Evans sweetly sung:—

Now eye we the glance of a star,
Arise in the west,
To gleam o'er the dell, where afar,
We seek our night's rest.

By the tinklings and brayings more near,
Our haunt is betrayed,
And slowly the gipsies appear
From under the shade.

Of the other female masks, the lady of captain Hardy, and her sister, were flower-girls: but it would be an endless task to enumerate every character assumed.——Mrs. Brilliant was in an elegant embroidered white-and-silver dress, attended by Flora, in white satin and pearls.

The dances commenced about one, and the god-

dess of the fantastic toe was successful in her inspirations. Reels and strathspeys were danced in true style. The band belonged to the Monmouthshire militia, and more animating music was scarce ever heard.

At three the company sat down to a magnificent supper, and it was broad day before they had made their congratulations to captain Brilliant, and called for their carriages.

I have been the more explicit in describing this scene of fashionable gaiety, because every one, as Doctor Goldsmith says, however low-minded himself, delights to read of high life and high-lived anecdotes, and memoirs of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter.

CHAP. XLV.

But who the melody of morn can tell?
The wild brooks babbling down the mountain's side,
The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the low valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide:
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

Beattie.

It was at an early hour of the morning that the two lieutenants, and their lovely spouses, bade adieu to admiral Roughknot and their shipmates, captain Brilliant and his lady, and began their journey to Swansea.

It was in the fulness of life and self-enjoyment that our party set out. Their spirits predisposed to cheerfulness, and susceptible of agreeable emotions, shed a brightness on every surrounding object, on hill and dale, forest and plain. Their feelings rendered the murmurings of the revulet, the rushing of the distant torrent, and the wild music of the woods, a feast of pure, rational, and exquisite delight.

The heart of Sophonisba danced with secret gladness. She loved retirement, but she loved an ardent lover in whose ear she could tell the pleasures of retirement, either in the morning, on the mountain-top; at noon, in the shade; or, at evening, before the door of her modest villa. Such a lover she now found under the endearing name of husband, a husband wholly devoted to her, as the fairest being in creation.

Not being restricted with regard to time, but free as the air of heaven, the party took a circuitous route to Swansea, desirous to visit in their journey whatever was remarkable in nature or art.

A few hours travelling brought them to *Pont-y-Prid*, that is, New Bridge. This bridge is composed of a single arch, whose span is considered the greatest in the world. It exceeds that of the Rialto in Italy.

This bridge crosses the river Taafe. A little higher up is a famous salmon-leap, but the party, in visiting it, could discover no fish.

Having dined at the Bridgewater Arms, an inn, delightfully situated on the road, the party, in charming spirits, prosecuted their journey, and reached Merthyr late in the evening.

To behold the town of Merthyr to advantage it

should be entered at night. For what can be conceived more awfully grand than numberless volcanoes vomiting smoke, and furnaces emitting their vivid lights till the whole country appeared in flames.

The next morning the gentlemen went to inspect an enormous over-shot wheel, composed entirely of cast-iron. It is fifty feet in diameter, and seven feet broad.

This wheel in an obscure country, deservedly excites attention. It works many inferior wheels, distributing the air with incredible force through different tubes to the furnaces.

From Merthyr the party pursued the road to Cardiff, a very neat town, affording good accommodations.

At Cardiff they stopped to dine, and proceeded to Cowbridge, a town composed of a single street; and where, there being little or no trade, the shopkeepers are continually standing before their doors.

Sophonisba feeling a slight indisposition, her gallant husband ran for the physician; and Dr. Bates had the honour of feeling her pulse, and prescribing her regimen.

Doctor Bates is the most intelligent, and the best-humoured man at Cowbridge. But he is troubled

with a gouty affection in his legs, which causes him to walk like a person in fetters.

From Cowbridge the party journeyed forward to Pyle House, a solitary but commodious inn on the road. In their way to it they passed through Neath, a suffocating place, tolerable only to the cyclops. Its venerable abbey is inhabited by the ragged and dirty families of the workmen employed at the copper smelting houses.

Our party was much pleased with Pyle House, and Mr. Marment's family. His two eldest daughters, are comely, well-bred, and amiable girls.

The next day, proceeding on their tour, they reached Swansea, from whence it was only three miles to their mansion.

Servants had been already hired to prepare the rooms for the reception of our gallant tars. And it was with no small pleasure that they took possession of their castle.

No house could be more happily situated. It was built on an eminence, and commanded the prospect of mountains, on whose greasy sides the goats were browsing in peace; while through their openings was to be seen the blue expanse of the sea, on whose surface the tall bark was urging her course. Some-

times the water was smooth as a mirror; when it reflected the colour of the heavens above. Upon the springing up of a breeze it changed to a light blue, which deepened to a fine sky-colour, as the wind increased—saddened to a deep green in a brisk gale—and in a storm, to a sullen blackness, save where the waves, interspersed with white heads of foam, added magnificence to the scene.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. XLVI.

Here peace is thine, and life that knows no change,
And various wealth in nature's boundless range;
The grot, the living fount, the umbrageous glade,
And sleep on banks of moss beneath the shade.
Southeby's Virgil.

THERE is, perhaps, no man who does not image to himself some future period, when retired from the cares and irritations of his profession, he shall enjoy in the bosom of retirement a freedom from all solicitude.

It was now that era in the lives of our gallant tars. No longer were they summoned on deck by the shrill pipe of the boatswain; no more did the beat of the drum announce an enemy was near; but, to appropriate the words of the song, they *sported on down beds,* or in language more classical, reposed on roses.

They had not taken possession of their house a fortnight, when Mrs. Hurricane presented her husband with a daughter; and the protuberance of So-

phonisba denoted she was in a fair way to fulfil the great precept given to the parents of all mankind. In the mean time, their hours were passed in cheerfulness and peace. Sophonisba loved the country, and delighted more in flowery fields than the paved streets of the town. In her retirement she was gratified by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Million, together with their son Cæsar, and a young lady whom he had led to the altar of Hymen. They were making an excursion into Wales, being at a loss how to fill up their time.

Cæsar presented his spouse to Sophonisba and the rest of the family. She was the daughter of an opulent haberdasher, and had captivated the heart of Cæsar as she one day sold him a pair of gloves, behind her father's counter. Her age was about nineteen ; her person tolerably good, but the structure and phraseology of her sentences denoted that her education was illiberal, and that her reading had been confined to the trash of a circulating library. Yet, in intellect and attainment, she was at least equal to her husband.

" Well, captain Echo," said Cæsar, " you see the preference which Sophonisba gave to you did not *totally* break my heart. I was, to be sure, a little down in the mouth at first. But when I saw Nancy,

my heart recovered its jollification, and I took her for a wife, while I found her in the humour to have me."

"I give you joy, sir," said the lieutenant. "I dare say you are both very happy."

"We be, indeed, sir," returned Cæsar; "*aren't* we, Nancy?"

"Yes," cried Nancy, "when you behave yourself properly. But if ever you call me extravagant again, as you did coming along in the *chay*, I'll give you no rest for a month. Marry! it is a pretty work to come to this. To call me extravagant because I bought a pair of ear-rings. Men in general delight to see their wives smart; but you"—

"How long, sir," said lieutenant Hurricane, "have you been married?"

"Almost a month, sir," said Cæsar.

"I give you both joy," rejoined the lieutenant.

"Joy, sir!" said Nancy. "He'll neither give me joy nor rest. He is more plague than enough!"

"Hush! Nancy," said Cæsar. "*Aren't* you ashamed?"

"I won't hush," said Nancy. "Where there is no sin there is no shame. But I will waste no more words with a poor mean-fellow, that would begrudge the wife of his bosom the cost of a *gownd*. I am sure he can set no store by her."

A scolding wife.

"Indeed, Nancy," said Cæsar, "I do set great store by you. If you want a hundred pounds you shall have it."

"Very liberal, sir," said Hurricane. "Come, never mind your wife; leave her with my wife and Echo's wife. Let us splice the main brace. Let us drink some grog together. Come! heave-a-head How do you like my new ship? What think you of the officers' cabins!"

"Nancy," said Cæsar, "I am just going to have a little *jollification* with the lieutenant. I shall soon be back."

"Your absence," cried Nancy, "is more welcome than your company. A good riddance!"

Cæsar retired with the two lieutenants into their banquetting-room, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Million, together with his own wife, to walk down the garden, and contemplate the sea.

There are many of my readers (particularly those west of Temple Bar) who will consider it very vulgar to drink grog before dinner. But our sailors knew none of this fastidiousness, and never imposed upon themselves the restraints of fashion. They loved grog at sea, and they loved it too on shore.

A bowl of grog was made by lieutennat Echo, and jovially pushed around.

A song.

"Come, Hurricane," said the young tar, "sing us a song. You have a good voice."

"I have no objection to sing," said Hurricane; "and I will give you a song I never heard before. I bought for a half-penny, of the ballad-singer, at the admiral's masquerade. It is called

THE HONEY-MOON.

Serene and tranquil was the night,
The night that closed the summer's day;
And brilliant shone the moon, and bright,
And warm and tender was her ray.

"How like our love!" the husband cried,
As on his arm Louisa hung:—
Scarce had Louisa been a bride,
And both were fond, and both were young.

"This moon, how like our love my dear,"
He said, and clasp'd her round the waist;
"'Tis pure and perfect, and sincere,
Tender and true, and warm though chaste."

Time flew—the youthful pair again
Enjoyed at eve the stilly vale;
The moon still shone, but in the wane,
Her form less round, her face more pale.

"This too is like our love, my queen,
For though less radiant and less bright;
Yet still o'er all this sylvan scene,
She sheds a soft and pleasing light."

Louisa bow'd her beauteous head,
And yet a sigh escap'd her breast;
Perhaps the fair one would have said,
She lik'd the first bright moon the best.

Time linger'd; yet again the pair
The balmy breath of eve imbib'd;
And now less perfect, yet still fair,
The moon, alas! two horns described.

"This too is love!" Louisa says,
"The love my dear, that life adorns:
Perfect at first, it soon decays,
Decays and ends, at last, in horns."

These stanzas, sung with corresponding archness of voice and gesture, provoked the laughter of Echo, and forced a smile from Cæsar. The glass went round, more songs were sung, and they were high in mirth, when the footman summoned them to dinner.

I pass over the conversation at the dining-table. The whole party were very cheerful, and Mrs. Million spoke in raptures of Wales—the high mountains she had ascended—the old castles she had explored—and the romantic prospects she had seen.

They passed another day under the roof of their friends, when they departed for Milford Haven; purposing to return home by the route of North Wales.

The conclusion.

The lieutenants were not a little pleased at the unexpected visit of the banker and his lady. Sophonisba had always a respect for the old lady, by whom she had been treated with maternal tenderness; and there is something in the face of an old friend that always makes it welcome.

"We may now consider our gallant tars and their wives in their rural privacy, possessed of as much happiness as falls to the lot of humanity. The retrospect of their former days brought with it a self-approving conscience; and the horizon of their future life was gilded with sunshine, giving them assurance of health, peace and competence.

FINIS.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL * THE TANJORE

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